JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 2, 1940. TWOPENCE

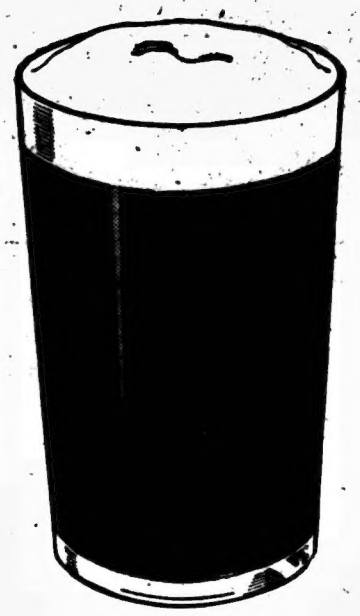
JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1794

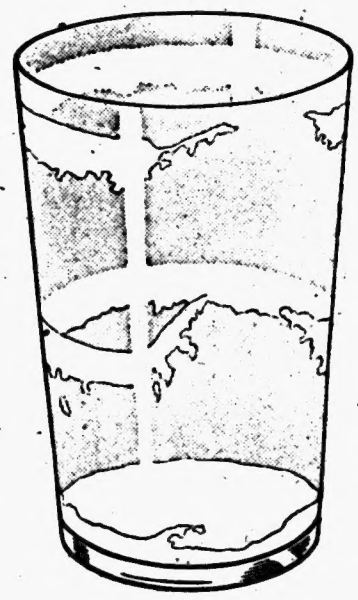
THE WONDERFUL RED DUSTER

AIR RAIDS! £3,200 MORE CLAIMS PAID

TIME BOMB IN THE BALKANS



It's good to get HOME to a GUINNESS



It's good for strength when you're tired. It's good for nerves that are strained and "on edge." It's good to help you to sleep at night. It's good to know, whenever you want a Guinness, that you can be certain of finding one at home because you have ordered a supply and kept it replenished.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.1003.N.

A FOOD AT LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE!

Weekly budgets down, now favourite food-drink reduced in price

CADBURY'S famous Bournville Cocoa — always an economy drink and now more so than ever—is DOWN IN PRICE to 5d per ¼ lb! To-day housewives who want to cut down those rising bills are making full use of Bournville as a *food*. For instance, if you make it with milk, a cup of Bournville costs just over 1d, but contains the value of 2 eggs—and everyone knows *they* cost a fortune nowadays. And even made without milk you get a steaming cupful of energy-giving food that makes the family meals go further.

IT'S THE 5-STAR COCOA

★**EXTRA FOOD VALUE.** *Bournville Cocoa is rich in body-building proteins, and natural cocoa butter and carbohydrates to give you energy. So remember,* a cup of Bournville — the 5-Star Cocoa—is a cup of food.

★ **IRON — THE BLOOD ENRICHER.** *The rich iron content of Bournville Cocoa tones up the corpuscles in your blood-stream, makes you feel stronger.*

★ **PHOSPHATES — FOOD FOR NERVES.** *Bournville Cocoa is rich in the various phosphates and calcium. These help your nerves, build up bone and muscle, strengthen teeth.*

★ **AID TO DIGESTION.** *Bournville Cocoa is particularly digestible, helps digestion of other foods and so makes every meal go further.*

★ **VITAMINS — VITAL TO HEALTH.** *Remember that every tin of Bournville Cocoa retains the* natural *sunshine Vitamin D, specially necessary for kiddies' healthy teeth and straight, strong bones.*

● **You get twenty-eight cups (6 oz.) of Bournville Cocoa out of every ¼ lb tin. That's enough for a family of four, every night, for a week's raid warnings!**

BOURNVILLE

THE 5-STAR **COCOA**

QUALITY UNALTERED

Down to 5d per qtr lb

MINISTRY OF FOOD

FOOD FACTS

HERE is some valuable advice from the Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Food.

"Today we are all in the front line. Today we have all got to be fighting fit. Nothing helps more than the right food. The protective foods listed below will maintain our efficiency and keep us mentally alert. If we eat more of these foods our resistance to strain and fatigue will be stronger too."

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

CHIEF PROTECTIVE FOODS

MILK	POTATOES
BUTTER OR MARGARINE	GREEN VEGETABLES (FRESH OR CANNED BUT NOT DRIED)
CHEESE	SALADS
EGGS	FRUIT (FRESH OR CANNED BUT NOT DRIED)
HERRINGS (FRESH, CANNED OR SALT)	CARROTS
SALMON (FRESH OR CANNED)	TOMATOES
LIVER	WHOLEMEAL BREAD

Scalloped Potatoes

Potatoes are very warming and invigorating. Serve them often, and for a change try using them this way. Scrub 2 lbs. potatoes and cut them into thick slices. Wash one or two leeks and chop finely. Mix together 1 heaped tablespoonful flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, and pepper to taste. Grease a piedish. Put in alternate layers of potatoes and leeks, sprinkling each layer with the seasoned flour. The top layer should be of potatoes. Pour in three teacupfuls hot milk and bake for about 1 hour in a moderate oven. This makes enough for 4 or 5 people.

Remember your Ration Book

If you move from one district to another don't forget to recover any pages from your ration book that may be with tradesmen. In order to get your registrations transferred, take these pages and your ration book to the Food Office of the district you are leaving. If you cannot do this, take them to the Food Office in your *new* district.

Cautionary Tale!

Those who have the will to win
Eat potatoes in their skin,
Knowing that the sight of peelings
Deeply hurts Lord Woolton's feelings.

Always turn on your wireless at 8.15 every morning to hear the useful hints and recipes.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, Nov. 2, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

BRITAIN SET FOR DESERT WAR

BY far the greatest air force ever formed by Britain beyond the seas is ready to strike.

The skies through which its airmen zoom stretch 2,500 miles from Gibraltar to Palestine, 3,000 from Palestine to Tanganyika, 1,500 from Alexandria to Aden, 1,000 from Western Sudan to the Red Sea.

Imagine these vast distances to get a clear picture of what air war in the Middle East will be like when the dictators attempt something more ambitious than petty skirmishes between Italian and British troops.

Sand as Camouflage

Hitler will not be able to repeat his *blitzkrieg* tactics in the burning deserts of Egypt and Arabia.

Sand is the world's best camouflage, for aircraft as well as man, and his bombers will find it hard to locate our frequently changed landing fields.

New machines wait to attack his legions directly they march.

Get a Load of These!

Gladiator biplane fighters, 250-miles-an-hour slow, and the lumbering Blenheim light bombers have proved more than a match for the Italians.

But for months past Hurricanes and Spitfires have been pouring into the Middle East, unmolested by Mussolini's fleet.

One of our newest bombers can fly direct from Britain to Africa. The American "Flying Fortresses," now being supplied to us, can take bomb-loads of five tons across thousands of miles.

These types are hardly likely to be restricted to the English Channel!

Cosmopolitan Squadrons

Waiting to fly and maintain them are the most cosmopolitan squadrons in the R.A.F.

British, Australians, New Zealanders, Indians, South Africans, Jews and Arabs, Egyptians, Sudanese, Czechs, Poles and Free Frenchmen—they draw their supplies from nearly as many countries.

Middle East Command, R.A.F., has a flexibly minded chief in Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, an Australian.

Both air-minded and open-minded is the C.-in-C. of all our forces in the Middle East, General Sir Archibald Wavell.

He's the Goods!

It was Wavell who said years before the war: "No soldier should hold the rank of higher commander without having had at least six months' close association with the R.A.F."

It was Keitel, Hitler's Chief of Staff, who said of Wavell before the war: "The British have only one good general, but he is incomparably good."

Wavell, Longmore, and the Navy should prove a formidable combination.

It is Not so Easy

The enemy cannot send heavy reinforcements to the Middle East as long as we command the Mediterranean.

It may be that the Italian Navy is being held for the coming offensive against Egypt and the Suez. But, even if it appears in force, it has little chance of capturing Mussolini's "Our Sea."

The British Navy would welcome the attempt.

Moreover, the dictators are saddling themselves with terrific responsibilities.

Plenty of Target

Axis has a 2,000-mile front from north to south. It aims now at a 2,000-mile front from west to east—a pretty big target for bombs and shells.

It will run the risk of dissipating its energy if a Balkans campaign is combined with a direct attack on Egypt.

Possibly Mussolini, with German help, will march across the Egyptian deserts, while simultaneously striking at the Sudan through Kassala.

It is a roundabout route that would none the less threaten Egypt's fertile valleys as well as the whole of the Sudan.

A Way with Water

He would be unable to replace supplies of munitions and petrol. But too much is being said of his difficulties in finding water when he strikes across the desert.

To give the devil his due, Mussolini has done very well in transporting water for his troops and solving an old military problem.

Witness his Abyssinian campaign!

We must also recognise that our land forces are heavily outnumbered.

Presumably strong reinforcements are still being sent to the Middle East.

BRIGHT SPOTS

● **Mr. Churchill is expected to hint soon at tremendous speed-up in United States help for Britain.**

And it will go on.

President Roosevelt's firm statement that U.S.A. will not go to war unless attacked has cheered the Prime Minister, despite new developments in Europe and the East.

It means that we shall continue to have first call on the United States' fast-growing war industries.

● **Other reports, much to Mr. Churchill's satisfaction, show that British naval construction is well ahead of schedule.**

Heavy reinforcements to our Fleet continue to be made; can out-gun anything Mussolini or Hitler can put on the seas.

Odds on Allies

A Middle East war would be a heavy task for the dictators, a fresh burden upon us. On balance, the odds would be against the dictators.

In the Near East, Turkish bayonets and the British Navy would make it highly unlikely that Hitler could succeed in seizing from Iran and Iraq the oil he so badly needs.

Above all, these moves are planned only because Axis diplomacy has failed. Failed to intimidate the U.S.A., failed to drive Turkey into the Axis camp!

Is Bombing Failing!

It is equally certain, now, that the bombing of London and Merseyside will fail in its objects.

Hitler miscalculated badly when he thought that our war production could be easily smashed, our people forced to howl for ignoble surrender.

Miscalculations, too, were made by our Ministers. They failed to prepare for mass raids.

Now, at last, the daily damage is being cleared up. But not quickly enough!

Salvage Squads Wanted

Now miners and many more men of the Pioneer Corps are to tidy up London. Maybe we shall soon see bomb craters in busy roads filled up within a few hours instead of a few weeks.

But what of private possessions? Debris from two houses bombed eight weeks ago is still lying in a London street. It includes furniture, now ruined by wet, that could have been saved had it been moved to an empty house across the street. And that's nothing unusual.

Sunday Quiet

Why is there no Sunday work on building shelters and removing bomb débris? Only people who stay on the job at week-ends are a few employees of gas and water companies, and, of course, the rescue parties.

It is no use saying that the men want a rest. There are plenty of others at the employment exchanges who would be glad of a week-end's work.

After all, the air raids do not conveniently stop at midday on Saturday and resume on Monday morning.

Hurry Up, Mr. Attlee!

More delay, also, in the Government's air raid insurance plan. Mr. Attlee says it will be ready "shortly."

That is a word, Mr. Attlee, of which the public is heartily tired. We have heard it so often.

Three years have passed since JOHN BULL first advocated an official raid insurance. But the best Mr. Attlee can do is to murmur "shortly"!

Goering's bombers won't delay. Why should the British Government?

(Continued overleaf)

£3,200 MORE CLAIMS PAID

Under "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance

A £200 POLICY — UNDERWRITTEN AT LLOYD'S — FOR EVERY READER AGAINST

AIR RAIDS • BOMBARDMENT • INVASION

★ New Shake-Up in Bombed Areas
★ Troubles of Homeless Londoners
★ Helping Hands from Provinces
★ £14 a week Rent for a Cottage
★ Comedy of Home-Made Shelter

(Continued from preceding page)

REPORT being submitted to Miss Ellen Wilkinson should lead to another shake-up in the bombed areas.

Local blunderers continue to thwart Mr. Morrison and Miss Wilkinson, even though conditions have been immensely improved in recent weeks.

Victims are still marshalled for coaches that do not arrive in London's East End and herded into unsuitable "rest" centres.

Workers are refused meals at some centres after 6 p.m. Food is doled out with meagre hands.

Some school-teachers, put in charge of centres, maintain that if the homeless are made too comfortable they won't want to be evacuated.

No Mayfair Shelter

In some centres meals have consisted only of corned beef and bread. No milk for the babies!

Many victims, moved to luxury flats in Mayfair, are full of praise for the kindness accorded them. Others have been unable to get cooking utensils. A little omission—but important.

On the other hand, one East Ender refused to remain in a lordly house because there was no Anderson shelter for her to sleep in!

That Stumped Him!

Unknown but grand benefactor has been Col. George Nasmith, head of the Canadian Red Cross in London.

His aid was sought when the homeless problem became acute. Within a few hours he supplied 6,000 blankets and quilts.

Other items included 10,000 tins of sardines, nearly 10,000 tins of soup, 4,000 cartons of biscuits.

Nearly stumped by request for babies' napkins, Col. Nasmith supplied 20,000 pads used for surgical dressings, which proved "entirely adequate."

Her Three-Mile Trek

Many of the bombed families are now happy in country districts. Some are unhappy and bewildered.

One woman and her baby have been lodged in a little farmhouse in the Cardiff area. The farmer's wife sleeps in a chair so that the mother can have a bed.

But the farm is three miles from the nearest shop.

How can a woman with a young baby walk that distance to buy neccssities?

Billeting Racket

Most unfortunate billeting racket of the war—high rents for lodgings in safe areas—can be stopped if the victims lay information before the county authorities, who have power to prosecute.

Refugees from bombing are being charged 52s. a week each for board in an Essex parsonage, an extra 5s. if they use the lounge on Sundays!

Worst example is probably that of a limewashed cottage near Blackpool.

It consists of four furnished rooms.

Rent, £14 a week.

Good but Belated

Not only private citizens, but also London and Home County firms whose premises have been bombed are to be rehoused in the provinces.

Urgent instructions have been issued for an index of vacant properties.

The Production Board will also see that evacuated firms have the use of its unique index of machine tools, covering all machinery that is not already working to capacity.

A fine scheme, however belated.

A Job for Them

Court of enquiry set up by Mr. Eden will investigate allegations that conscientious objectors have been kicked, beaten with rifle butts and placed on bread and water in Army camps.

We shall say nothing to prejudice the enquiry. But we suggest that objectors who are called up for Army service should not be posted to ordinary units.

Better, far, to form them into a special labour corps, which could be used on such tasks as clearing away bomb damage.

Miners Want Work

Some pits want miners, and many miners want work.

If the transfer of unemployed men to areas where they are needed is to succeed they must be provided with accommodation.

Men cannot be blamed for staying put if they are not guaranteed beds as well as work—which is the ridiculous situation at the moment.

The Grip on Trade

One more word on coal: to prevent repetition of last winter's shortage, it is suggested that House Coal Officers should be appointed.

They would be chosen from the trade, paid salaries from a levy on all coal that the consumers would pay, and would still be able to hold their interests in the trade.

That scheme must be closely watched.

Is it just an effort to enable distributors to retain a grip on the trade in the event of nationalisation?

Would You Believe It

Unable to get an Anderson shelter, a family at Ashington, Northumberland, decided to build their own concrete shelter.

After much trouble they managed to get the materials.

Authority has now presented them with a bill for 1s. 6d. in respect of the water they used to mix the cement!

Bravo, Mr. Bevin

Unremarked but useful job done by Mr. Bevin is to insist that every man of military age, called up for medical examination, shall be asked to sign a certificate that he has never suffered from tuberculosis.

That should reduce the number of consumptives passed into the Army by careless doctors, an evil that has angered the Army medical men and added to the taxpayer's bill.

Carry on, Mr. Bevin!

Another Army Evil

Too many epileptics, moreover, have been passed into the ranks. One man, who had suffered from fits for twenty-seven years, was passed Grade I by Leeds doctors.

Home on leave, he had three fits in a night and was taken to a civil hospital, from there transferred to a military hospital, where he still lies.

The Helping Hands

Laundry trade has arranged help on a non-competitive basis for bombed-out laundries. Provincial transport companies are lending omnibuses to London.

Extend this excellent principle!

Are there not enough gas and electricity workers to repair damaged mains in London?

If not, borrow others from the untouched cities!

Telephone system has had its weak spots exposed. Some exchanges have been unobtainable for weeks; business suffers.

Bring engineers from safe areas to provide alternative lines for shattered London districts!

He Has Strange Ideas

Yet the Postmaster-General has strange ideas on the subject.

If your home, and the telephone it contains, are blown up, he sends you a telephone bill for the whole quarter.

If you protest against paying for a telephone that isn't there, he replies that you are legally liable, since you didn't give notice that you wanted the line cut off!

So remember.

All you have to do is to get Goering to let you know the date on which he is going to bomb your premises—and to give the Post Office the requisite notice.

A Briton's Job

It still seems possible for aliens to take away an Englishman's job.

Head chef in a Devon hotel has been dismissed to make room for an Austrian just released from internment and who had previously worked at the hotel.

But, for all one's sympathy for refugees from Hitlerism, it is surely common justice that Britons should get the first pick of jobs in Britain.

Now Is This True?

There are pleasantly few complaints about Navy life.

Rare exception is report that cadets in an East Coast camp are sleeping sixty-five to a hut designed for thirty-six, have to obtain official permission to use a lavatory.

This information, sent to us in good faith, may be false.

We hope so—and we know the Admiralty well enough to know that it will be promptly investigated.

Unlimited Entertainment

Curfews, earlier closing of cinemas, curtailed 'bus services, long, dark evenings and Wailing Willies are keeping more and more people at home for their leisure hours. Yet they *must* have entertainment—and radio is not always on tap.

This is where *Bullets* comes in.

You couldn't find a more absorbing way of spending a leisure half-hour now or this evening than with page 23. And there you will find that this week's offer of Cash and Christmas Dinners has been heavily increased. Go to it!

Behind the News

● **Seeping through Nazi censorship, first-hand reports from inside Germany show that mass reaction after latest R.A.F. attacks is growing strongly defeatist.**

● ***Gestapo punishment cannot prevent realisation that either Goering and Goebbels have lied wholesale or that, far from winning the war, Germany is being steadily beaten. Latest Nazi edict forbids any discussion of air raid damage, Reich policy or the movements of Nazi leaders.***

● **Nazi propaganda** is intensifying every means to magnify Franco-German diplomatic moves in order to bluff the world. Truth is that Hitler now fears he may be forced to use military measures to hold France down and, with all other Axis moves in the melting pot, he can ill spare the men or munitions.

● **Ovra (Italian Gestapo) has been unable to discover ringleaders of large-scale sabotage in many Italian factories. Public demonstrations held in blacked-out halls have been the cause of the trebling of Mussolini's personal guard.**

● ***Result of R.A.F. raids over Italy: transfer of the most important war industries to the south. Apart from the cost of several millions, lack of cheap electric power (now derived from Alpine rivers) will slow down production considerably.***

● To maintain morale, Count Ciano's paper "Il Telegrafo," of Milan, has inaugurated a Press campaign encouraging the public to believe that Britain will soon ask for peace! We are supposed to fear that, if America enters the war, we shall become a vassal State under Washington!

● **Though making night and day air attacks on the Burma Road, Japan has failed entirely to hold up traffic for more than a few hours at a time.**

● ***Nazi influence in South America is rapidly losing ground. Many leading German trouble makers have been quietly arrested, offered the choice between leaving the country immediately or being held in jail under suspicion.***

● **All negotiations with several countries for U.S.A. bases on both sides of the Panama Canal have been completed and work is well in hand.**

● **Stand made by Greece has jolted the Axis considerably. There is supreme confidence throughout the country that the British Navy will prevent Italian seizure of any Greek port or islands.**

● ***Goering has returned to Berlin from the Channel ports—recalled by Hitler to explain why his promise of "bombing Britain into subjection" has failed.***

● **Marshal Milch, second in command of the Luftwaffe, is also under a cloud. It has leaked out that he has a close relative living in Britain.**

● **Committee of German scientists is trying to distil petrol from soya beans. Significant!**

Without Fear or Favour — *by the* EDITOR

Damnable Meanness

WHEN Cabinet Ministers tell us what the war is costing, explain cheerfully that it is bound to cost more in coming months, and then urge us to save and lend all we possibly can, we have no quarrel with them.

Nine million pounds a day is far more than the nation can "afford" in the economic sense of the word, but it can't possibly afford to be beaten. And in that sense we are willing to make any and every sacrifice for victory.

On the other hand, no Cabinet Minister will ever persuade JOHN BULL that there is any excuse for meanness to our own people.

We shall never condone injustice on the score of economy. We do not intend to stand meekly by and make no protest when we observe inequalities of sacrifice no less scandalous than those which embittered millions of men and women during the last war.

Of course, the Government as a whole and the nation as a whole are only pretending to work on the principle of "equal sacrifice."

In practice there is no such thing, nor could there be short of total conscription of men and money, too. Even then, there would be the unavoidable inequalities of age and sex, and dangerous, or less dangerous, service.

JOHN BULL'S immediate concern is to secure the nearest approach to fair play as between equally deserving people—for instance, as between the dependent wives and the dependent mothers of Service men.

RECENTLY a young sergeant pilot, the only son and sole support of his widowed mother, was shot down in a duel with an enemy fighter.

He had been allowing his mother forty-five shillings a week. Now that he has been killed in his country's service, her income has been reduced to ten shillings.

This beggarly sum is the maximum pension authorised in such cases. True, the Ministry of Pensions can allow a special increase "in exceptional circumstances," but that would involve a searching "means test."

It is a disgrace to the country that a brave boy's widowed mother should be reduced to penury by her son's death.

Widows of serving men killed in action draw their standard pension as of right. It isn't a big one. It is stopped—though it ought not to be—should they remarry, but at least it carries no taint of charity.

And JOHN BULL declares emphatically that a wholly dependent mother or father deserves no less "compensation" for a similar bereavement.

This country is not only spending more than nine millions a day; it is also wasting tens of millions a year. Let the Ministry of Pensions remember that, and let Parliament see to it without delay that justice be done to the widowed mothers who have lost their only sons.

Since Germany resorted to ruthless air warfare against us, many thousands of A.R.P. workers have been working harder and facing greater risks than the average soldier in uniform.

Politicians tell us that we are all "front line troops" now. That is a figure of speech, but it is plain fact that the air raid wardens, the firemen, the demolition squads, the rescue workers, ambulance men, and so on, *are* fighting in the front line.

They deserve the rights and privileges enjoyed by the Regular Forces, but they are not getting them. The Home Guard, which came into being long after the A.R.P. services, are much better treated.

JOHN BULL grudges nothing to the Home Guard or to Regulars. Far from it; we simply declare that A.R.P. workers must be treated better.

THEIR particular grievance is that, when they become casualties, their pay is docked. Instead of drawing £3 5s. a week, they draw full pay for three weeks only, and when their length of service is greater, half pay for another three weeks.

After that they are no longer treated as soldiers, but as civilians, and they receive nothing but the pittance which is allowed to injured people who have done no war service at all.

The official excuse for shabby meanness to the A.R.P. has been that its workers are bound by the conditions of service which they accepted in 1939.

This excuse angers us almost more than the scandal which it seeks to cover. For the fact is, not only that conditions have completely changed since then, but also that allowances have recently been revised upwards in all the other Services.

Lord Horder and other health experts have urged the need for—and the practical advantages of—rest intervals for all such volunteers.

All voluntary workers ought to get, and must be given, enough respite to keep them fit.

If we believe at all in the general principle of "equal sacrifice," then we *must*, as a nation, either supply enough volunteers to relieve the present A.R.P. personnel, or conscript enough "slackers" to meet the need.

JOHN BULL takes the view that the country is being disgracefully niggardly to its Old Age Pensioners.

Then, if—as we hope and believe—the Means Test is to be abolished or greatly restricted for the officially "unemployed," how can there be any excuse for its application to our old folk?

And yet—let's face it—an unnumbered army of poor old Darbies and Joans is being victimised by this particular form of official niggardliness. A host of official busybodies is employed to harass them and to whittle down their claims.

Worse than that; the public is led to believe that the old folk are about to receive a shilling a week extra to meet the additional cost of winter warmth. Actually, in many instances, the official "bob a week" is just half the amount previously allowed by local authorities for the same purpose of winter warmth!

With the result that many pensioners will lose a shilling when they receive the extra grant!

JOHN BULL has no space to ventilate in this one leading article a tithe of the anomalies and injustices which are brought to our notice by our own readers.

We can make allowances for some of these anomalies, but we can make no allowances and no excuses whatever for sheer niggardliness at a time when the country has ceased to count the cost at all, and is prepared to raise infinite sums for the prosecution of the war.

There can be neither justice nor equality in extremes of extravagance and miserliness.

Last week, in our front page paragraphs, we quoted instance after instance of "squandermania"; we told of millions which have been "thrown down the drain" through official incompetence or carelessness.

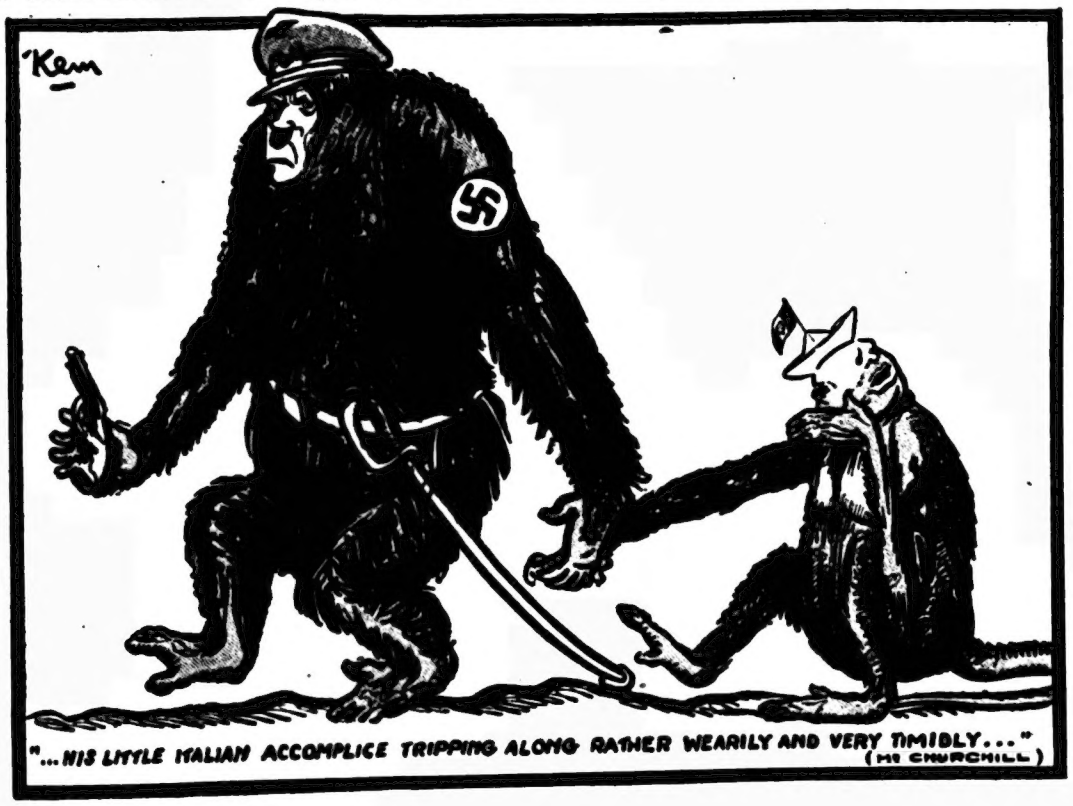
Let that pass. Let us even assume that *some* waste of this sort cannot be avoided.

We can forgive that kind of accidental, and more or less unavoidable, waste, because it is, in a sense, well-intentioned. We can understand that the authorities want to get jobs done quickly, and may be careless about the cost.

But we can neither understand nor excuse a simultaneous cheeseparing when it comes to the treatment of our own folk. We don't understand why the war pensions and allowances of to-day are actually upon a lower scale than those which obtained under the 1919 Warrant.

The high cost of this war ought to include—and must in common justice include—the highest possible standard of living for the poorest members of our community.

After all, we are fighting for freedom and justice, aren't we, as well as victory? Good; we think so, and we believe so, and, by the same token, we maintain that justice must begin at home.



TIME-BOMB in the BALKANS—

by Harry Gregson

Conquest of Greece would provide the Dictators with new bases against Turkey, Palestine and Egypt. But British naval guns and Turkish bayonets confront them—and Stalin won't look kindly on moves that will open Russia's most vulnerable and richest areas to the peril of invasion.

ACROSS the dissolving map of the Balkans, two uncrowned emperors watch each other as intently as swordsmen in a duel.

The swarthy Duce, permitted by his German master to thrust at Greece, causes swarthy Stalin to stand on guard.

Mussolini thinks that neutral Greece has been a rebuke to his dreamed-of 20th Century Mediterranean Empire far too long.

He is envious of a country that is poor in materials yet rich in naval bases.

He flares with rage at the thought of this, the poorest, most inoffensive of the Balkan nations, standing in his way.

That is why he did his Fascist best to terrorise a nation that contains fewer people than Greater London.

With an area of only 50,000 square miles, Greece has a coastline longer than that of Spain and Portugal combined.

By obtaining control of Greek Islands in the Ægean Sea, the Duce could bar this sea to British warships, make them tolerably safe for his own.

He would then be excellently placed for bringing pressure on to Turkey.

Italian control of the Ægean would mean not only the domination of Turkey's western coast and maritime trade, but also of the approaches to the Dardanelles.

And the Dardanelles are the gateway to Europe's greatest inland waterway and Russia's "vital interest"—the Black Sea.

So-called because of its storms, the Black Sea is a dark shadow on the Soviet map. Nowhere else, with the possible exception of the Finnish Russian border, is Stalin's empire so vulnerable to aggression.

Russians have taken to heart the lesson of the Crimean War, when Anglo-French warships bombarded Sevastopol and brought the Czarist empire to its knees.

Through the Black Sea now cruises a Russian fleet: a battleship, four cruisers, nineteen large destroyers, and forty submarines.

The world's most picturesque soldiers would be no match for Hitler's tanks. It is lucky that Greece does not depend on them for her protection

For years, Soviet diplomacy has sought to keep foreign warships out of this strongly guarded preserve.

The temporary cooling of relations between Turkey and Soviet Russia a short time ago was due solely to the fact that the Turks, mindful of their obligations to the Great Powers, have refused to close the Dardanelles (and therefore the Black Sea) to foreign warships in all circumstances.

WE in Britain, who know what it means to have the opposite coastline of the English Channel and North Sea in hostile grip, can appreciate the Russian sensitiveness.

But Britain would really be in jeopardy if her Home Fleet were not superior to anything the enemy could send against us—and if our coastline consisted of huge, sparsely inhabited stretches of land surrounding a few very vital ports.

Well, that's Stalin's position.

It isn't hard to visualise his frown, therefore, when he hears of German troops being marched into Rumania, U-boats transported in pieces down the Danube and assembled on the Black Sea shores, and of Mussolini's move towards the Dardanelles.

If Italian warships entered the Black Sea, Stalin's fleet there would not have a dog's chance.

Hitler's U-boats could paralyse the sea communications on which the industries of Southern Russia depend.

With the Baltic entrances already in German hands, Russia would have only two ice-free ports available for seaborne trade—Murmansk, in the Arctic, and Vladivostok in the Far East.

Both are most inconveniently situated.

The Black Sea, in fact, is Stalin's black spot. Its few ports are the lungs without which Russia would die.

Odessa is a great military centre. Its radio station pumps out propaganda for the Balkans.

Seventy-five miles eastwards is the terminus of one of the world's greatest canals, that carries the oil, coal and iron-ore cargoes essential for great industrial regions.

There is Kherson, an air base. Batum and Novorossisk, the great oil ports.

Up the river Don is one of Russia's greatest manufacturing centres, Stalingrad, which is also useful for the transport of troops to the Caucasus.

Above all, there is Sevastopol, keytown of the Crimea.

Once across the Crimea, an invader would have a vista of rich loot open before him—immense ore and coalfields.

TO the north-east of Sevastopol are vital nerve centres—the Krivoi Rog ores, without which a large part of Russia's armament and industrial plans would have to be abandoned, and which are shipped at Rostov on the Don.

One thing at which the Russians have always been adept is making strong fortifications. The Sevastopol batteries are covered by concrete and steel, and all the underground arsenals are shielded from the air by immense concrete shields.

The gun crews can live underground for months on end, the Russians claim.

But the Turks say the Russian frontier is in the wrong place. If the 600-mile mountain barrier of the Caucasus formed Russia's frontier with Turkey and Iran, it would be more easy to defend

Whereas hostile troops backed by a superior navy would find it easy to land either north or south of this mountain barrier.

The vital Black Sea region and the Caspian Sea oilfields and refineries would quickly be within their grasp.

That is why Stalin is watching the Balkans so closely. That is why, whatever his feelings towards the Axis, he cannot wish Greece to fall a victim to any Great Power.

Mussolini wants Greece to furnish him with a stranglehold on Yugoslavia's outlet to the Mediterranean, and for bases against Turkey.

Moreover, it offers submarine, air and naval bases for striking southwards at Cyprus and Egypt.

Main railway lines run southwards through Hungary and Yugoslavia to Salonika, the Piraeus and other Greek harbours, from which troops might be transported to Palestine or Libya.

Scores of its deep-water harbours make Greek territory desirable for an ambitious naval power.

ON the other hand, its coastal inlets lend themselves well to submarine-net and mine laying activities, which would make the passage of a hostile fleet precarious.

This war has repeatedly shown that an agricultural country cannot prevail, whatever the heroism and skill of its fighting forces, against an industrialised nation.

The Greeks will fight, no doubt. Their country has a geography that aids resistance.

Above all, Greece is not dependent on her own resources.

Her air force of 200 planes may be negligible. Her navy of twelve destroyers and nine torpedo boats may be no match for the Italians.

But she is backed by a British guarantee—and the British Navy.

Mussolini must regret that. And perhaps Stalin is a little relieved.

—will it Maim Hitler?

WHEN Hitler and Mussolini talk of thrusting through the Balkans in winter they must do it within the next few weeks, or else they may march to disaster.

Few parts of the world are less suited to winter campaigning than the Balkans.

The "main roads" are often mere tracks, so deep in mud in wet weather that the pedestrian can only cross them where planks have been laid down.

Moreover, as the Balkans are sometimes covered for three months with snow, the transport of troops and heavy guns is a task that would have baffled Napoleon.

Motorists are often stranded for days in deep drifts. It is not unusual for the crack Simplon-Orient express to be bogged and dug out by railway gangs. Trains are often days late.

If Bulgaria permits the passage of Nazi troops through her territory it will, of course, be a useful gift to Hitler.

* * *

Mussolini's troops in Albania have miles of twisting, snow-covered, precipitous roads to cover if they can strike across Greece, or Southern Yugoslavia and Greece, to Salonika.

The road to Salonika via Yugoslavia goes over the Albanian mountains on which the Serbs, who know the country, lost tens of thousands of men during their retreat in 1915.

There are no railways and only a few goat-paths. At Ohrid, a point on the way, the Serbs have a division of troops stationed.

The other road from Albania into Greece is second class even by Balkan standards, and involves a long detour.

In places it is barely 20 ft. across. When the snow melts it reveals a treacherous surface of shingle that has brought death to many an incautious motorist.

* * *

If the Axis troops had to face Turkish as well as Greek troops at the end of their exhausting journey over the Balkan mountains, Hitler might well think the game not worth the candle.

Turkish enmity would cause him to face the famous Chataldja Lines, stretching for thirty-five miles from the Ægean to the Black Sea.

Based on the water systems of the Tundja and Maritsa Rivers and the mountain system of the Stranja Dagh, these lines were classed by General Liman von Sanders, Germany's Dardanelles commander in the last war, as impregnable.

These difficulties may not deter Hitler and Mussolini, who must have oil to carry on the war.

But it seems that if Greece and Turkey were given reasonable protection against Nazi dive-bombers by Britain, the Dictators could well burn their fingers in a Balkans winter campaign.

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice."

OPEN LETTERS

Trade Mission or Pleasure Cruise: No Dry Clothes for Firemen Who are Drenched: Army Lorries Should Help Unravel Traffic Knots: Sergeant Suffered for His Good Sense

The TOWN COUNCIL,
Southport

GENTLEMEN,—Your conduct is so extraordinary that I hope the Government will intervene.

For years you have been bothered by surplus sand on the sea-front. Star grass has been planted in an effort to stop it from being blown about in heavy winds.

But, now that it is urgently wanted for aircraft production, you refuse to sell it!

It will be an insult, not only to your ratepayers, but to the whole country, if you are allowed to impede war production.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. MABANE, M.P.,
Ministry of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—Hundreds of A.F.S. men return to their stations soaked to the skin. But no change of clothes is available.

If a fire-call is sounded before their uniforms are dried, they must turn out in thin overalls. No great-coats are issued. Last winter, many men bought their own at a cost of £2 2s.; others couldn't afford to do so.

Again, **though most A.F.S. men in the provinces work between 104 and 120 hours a week, they are paid 5s. a week less than war reserve policemen.**

Can you tell me why Britain's finest heroes are treated so shabbily?—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Bideford Borough Sessions

GENTLEMEN,—Public anger will mount unless magistrates take a more serious view of their responsibilities.

A hotel-keeper who appeared before you had obtained 140 pounds of bacon in four weeks, although entitled only to 66 pounds. You merely fined him two guineas and a guinea costs.

Poor people, threatened with prosecution now if they obtain only an extra ounce, will grumble that extra rations are allowed to those who can afford to patronise hotels. You don't want to encourage that dangerous untruth, do you?—JOHN BULL.

Lieut.-Col. J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P.,
Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—Everywhere goods are being held up, defence work delayed, because of railway dislocation.

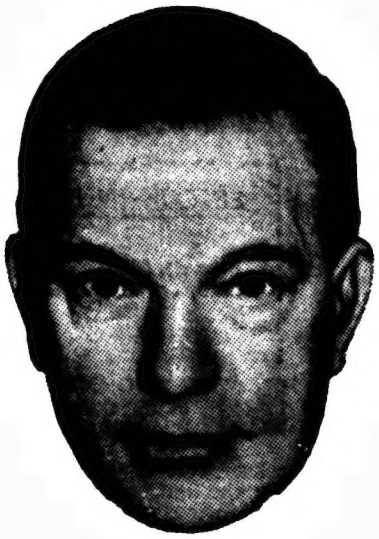
Recently, indeed, the railways had to refuse to accept commercial traffic.

Now it is suggested that Army lorries should be released to carry materials to war factories. That is not necessary; road contractors can again play a great part in our transport system if allowed to do so.

I urge you—pioneer motorist and new Minister—to end the virtual monopoly that the Government has so stupidly granted to the railways.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. DUFF-COOPER, M.P.,
Minister of Information

DEAR SIR,—The story of how the R.A.F. smashed the invasion attempt fell flat because it was held up for a month. Had it been issued earlier the whole country would have been elated without sacrificing the vigilance that is still necessary.



Rt. Hon. Sir ANDREW DUNCAN, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—We have a grand chance to enrich ourselves and impoverish Jerry at the same time.

The free countries of the world are either unable to obtain German goods or are anxious to boycott them.

Let us encourage them to Buy British instead.

That will help us to pull down our unemployment figures—which actually rose last month—and to meet our gigantic war bills.

But we are wasting our opportunities and mocking our hopes.

The whole of South America could be made a new British market. An authorised trade mission is on its way there—but what a mission!

It is headed by Lord Willingdon, better known as a former Viceroy than as a business leader, who is aged seventy-four.

Lady Willingdon is going, too. So are the wives of other members—Lady Lee, Lady Chilston, Lady Fuller, Lady Johnson, and a few untitled ladies.

What, I wonder, do they know about trade? South American business leaders are certainly not impressed.

Indeed, they are annoyed by Lady Willingdon's chatter about the masses of clothes she is taking with her, her hope of being able to fly over the Andes, and her expectation of being entertained on a magnificent scale.

No doubt the mission is also intended to make social contacts. But we have had too many "goodwill envoys" to foreign countries that are much more interested in coal and iron than handshakes and afternoon teas.

Let us instead send our best business men to offer firm propositions to potential customers.—JOHN BULL.

You and I know that there are similarly inspiring stories waiting to be told but vetoed by the Sealed Lips Brigade of the Fighting Forces.

Once again I urge you to justify the title of your Ministry. Oppose the dumbskulls, appeal to the Prime Minister himself, insist on giving the public the tonic it has so richly earned by its resistance to Goering's bombs and Goebbels' lies!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERWALD RAMSBOTHAM, M.P.,
President, Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—Your grants for school feeding are generous. But watertight boots and warm clothing for evacuated youngsters are almost as necessary, and can only be provided by Government assistance.

Foster parents who are on the "dole" cannot afford to clothe as well as feed growing children on 8s. or 10s. a week billeting allowance. The actual parents, perhaps bombed out of their homes, are usually as poor.

Talk it over with your colleague, the Minister of Health!—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Chelmsford

GENTLEMEN,—How many of you are named Scrooge?

The Whitley Council has agreed to a 6 per cent. war bonus for council employees. But you, throwing out the recommendation of your own finance committee, still deny this increase to your staff.

Of course, you didn't hesitate to increase the price of gas, or the rates on council houses, to meet war costs.—JOHN BULL.

Lord RUSHCLIFFE,
Chairman, Public Assistance Board

MY LORD,—Only fair that your much-criticised Board should get the credit to which it is entitled! And quite a lot must be added to your credit for instructing all officials to err on the side of generosity when granting supplementary allowances to pensioners and others whose houses have been bombed.

May this warm-hearted decision be used as a precedent by all officialdom.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT **By PALLAS**

They Are the Inward Signs of War

BOMBS fall on London and Berlin, swarms of aeroplanes shatter the silence of the skies night and day, the Navy keeps ceaseless vigil over the seas of the world, millions of men in khaki and field grey await the final phase of the struggle.

These are the outward signs of the war we are fighting—the sound and fury of mighty nations at death-grips.

But behind those signs is being waged the unseen struggle—the fight between an ordered civilisation and a new barbarism.

The new barbarism, which seeks to impose its evil tentacles over the whole world, has used all its destructive power to subdue those peoples that have withstood its march.

Nation after nation was bombed into despair.

* * *

Horrors of aerial warfare were unleashed over the Chinese, the Ethiopians, Spaniards, Poles, Finns, Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians and French.

The Chinese still fight on.

The Finns have yielded part of their territory. The Italian flag still flutters over Abyssinia.

The rest of the bombed nations slave and suffer under the shadow of the Swastika.

One by one the nations gave up the struggle, until now only Britain remains.

London to-day is the key centre of the unseen struggle.

Her citizens are the champions of civilisation. They'd laugh if you referred to them as such. They don't look upon themselves as champions of the order of decency, of tolerance, of liberty, of enlightenment, and of social progress.

* * *

Yet, willy-nilly, they are so. Their spirit is the spirit of all those who in the past have suffered and died rather than yield to oppression and persecution.

Typical of the unsung and obscure champions who endure that Europe may be released from bondage is the man who looked at the ruins of his house near an important aerodrome.

That house represented his life endeavour.

Over long years he had scraped and saved so that he might own his home. And, as he looked at the debris, all he said was: "Well, when they hit us they miss the aerodrome."

No city has been bombed as London has been bombed. Berlin, at last, is feeling some of the weight of R.A.F. striking strength, but the R.A.F. has leeway to make up.

While other cities gave in London endured.

Every man and woman in the front line shows the spirit which eventually will decide the vital struggle on which will depend the new world order—civilisation or barbarism.

From the humblest Cockney to the most important Minister of State, Londoners carry the torch of light and freedom.

They wouldn't be classed as champions of anything. They're just Britons who won't knuckle under to a bully.

"Let who will fail, England will not. These people have sat here a thousand years, and here will continue to sit.

"They will not break up or arrive at any desperate revolution like their neighbours; for they have as much energy, as much continence of character, as they ever had."

* * *

Written yesterday?

No, written a hundred years ago by Ralph Waldo Emerson, American essayist.

The breed lives on. Its champions are the champions of civilisation.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

SHOOT THE SABOTEURS

If there are men engaged in treachery and sabotage, the only remedy is a barrack square and a firing party. . . .
said Liverpool's forthright Labour Leader, Alderman Luke Logan.

★

WAR has no other treachery so black as that of the saboteur.

Detestable though he may be, the secret agent gambles with his life He knows the supreme penalty of being found out, and he takes the risk, confident that his wits will save his life in the final test.

But the saboteur is a craven creature.

He takes few risks. He can't do much harm to the nation's war machine as a whole. But he can delay the routine of a factory for a few hours.

Quick Disaster

He can bring death to a few of his own countrymen, stabbing them in the back, as it were, and he can go on in his own mean, disgruntled way until the authorities tumble to his treachery. Then he is either sent to prison or given a job that will keep him out of mischief.

He should face the firing squad; if his nation-wide machinations are to be stopped he must be treated as though he were a spy; a secret agent condemned in an enemy country.

Luke Logan was right. But he should have been even more blunt. He should have said, "a barrack square and a firing party should be the sure and certain fate of the saboteurs."

For there are saboteurs.

This is no place to enter into the reasons for their treachery. Whether they do their best to hinder the war machine for money or for personal grievances makes no difference.

The great thing is that all these men, pieces of grit in a fine engine, should be removed before they do any more damage.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. T. E. RADLEY, Doghouse Road, Nattiswick, nr. Braintree, Essex, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

He provided me with information I have found very useful for my records.

Write to me about any matter needing enquiry, and mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

And we must make it impossible for them to get back into any job that gives them a chance to exercise their warped desire to harm their own countrymen.

It is doubtful whether we will ever learn why a technician, employed in a position of honour in an aircraft factory in the north, did his best to send R.A.F. pilots to their death by damaging engines turned out by his department.

But we should be told why it was possible for this man to obtain a job as inspector in an aircraft factory when he had already been dismissed from another factory for his efforts to dislocate the machinery.

This was, in fact, his third effort at sabotage.

He is now under lock and key, having been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. A spy would have been shot for less.

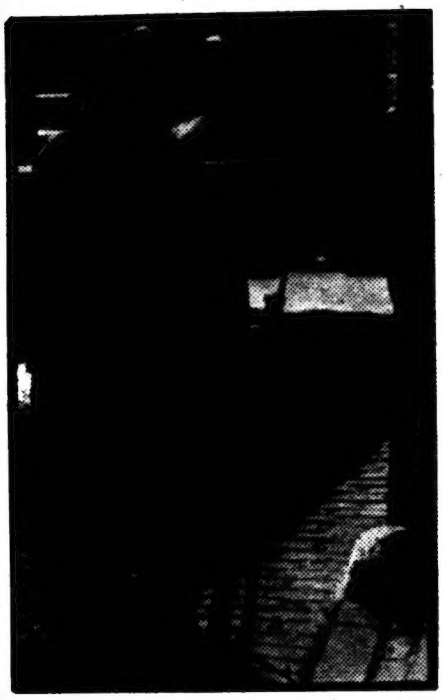
Machines Out of Action

It is no use trying to dodge the issue.

Officialdom must admit, even though it tastes so bitter, that there are saboteurs. If this were not so, investigators in our armaments factories would not be so busy.

It is true that much of the sabotage is nullified by the speed with which the sleuths now work.

And all the old tricks of the saboteur have been employed; and I am not exaggerating when I say that some of the details in my investigator's report make really appalling reading.



Even though sentries have to be employed it must be made impossible for unauthorised persons to get into our war factories

Experts know them all—and watch for them, and they have thus saved pilots from taking the air in craft that would have flown only a few miles before crashing in fatal dives.

Having realised that there are saboteurs, it would be easier for the authorities to prevent their doing harm to the war machine than it would for them to find the damaged armaments and then to set out to catch the men responsible.

Only increased vigilance, ruthless prosecution of offenders and the threat of the death penalty will crush the Factory Fifth Columnists.

But you can't have this until restrictions make it impossible for the unauthorised to walk about in our factories.

Recently a JOHN BULL man, sent out to interview an important member of a firm of aero engineers, entered a key aircraft factory during black-out hours without being asked to show his pass, or even being asked to explain his quest.

Unescorted, he wandered from department to department. There was every opportunity to steal blue-prints of aircraft under construction; there was every opportunity to damage vital machinery, then slip away under cover of darkness.

Dangerous Men

No doubt the authorities are slowly catching up on the saboteurs. Yet their black-hearted successors are still at liberty, working as stealthily as a gas leak to harm Britain's war machine.

They must be stopped.

If caught, they must be shot.

But every precaution must be taken, meantime, to see that no untrustworthy man is employed in the armament industry; no unauthorised person is allowed within arm's reach of the main gates of the factories.

We've got to get these saboteurs as surely as we have to condemn any traitor to the "barrack square and the firing party."

Don't Let Them Catch You!

STARTLING increases in employment frauds have lately been troubling the authorities.

That is why I urge all who are attracted by propositions which carry with them investments in return for employment to write to me for advice.

I am pleased that JOHN BULL has recently prevented several men from being victimised by employment "specialists," and in one case a man who has been twice to penal servitude has caught many fresh victims through their lack of enquiry.

As I write I have a case before me about a company named John Staff and Son, Ltd., which was run, ostensibly, until a few weeks ago by two brothers. But they were dummies, for 99 per cent. of the firm was a rogue named Manindranath Mullick, who engaged in a systematic fraud of a particularly mean and painful character.

His victims are mostly of the working type, and they have lost everything.

Let me repeat my offer to provide free advice to all enquirers. By sending me a few lines you might save yourself from being robbed.

* * *

Look out for mushroom firms of war insurance brokers who are springing up in different towns. They collect premiums by promising that substantial compensation will be paid to owners of bombed property and for air raid injuries.

* * *

War or no war, eyesight and medical quacks manage to carry on with impunity.

A self-styled expert in curing such ailments as catarrh, rheumatism and deafness is "Lynton Harvey" (real name **Lynton Doble**), who gives "consultations" at hotels from which he advertises himself locally as a "Brilliant London Specialist."

In one case he charged over £70 for an "emanator" that did its aged purchaser little, if any, good.

Harvey, and others like him, should not be encouraged in their pretensions.

* * *

Well, the "Shelter Swindlers" have arrived, as I always felt they would. In one town a number of men have been calling upon householders and, promising to erect shelters at moderate cost, asked for deposits as a "first instalment."

Days passed, but no work was commenced, and enquiries now reveal that the office from which the men had worked was vacated!

* * *

In these days of nervous tension all kinds of unknown firms are offering "radio-active" gadgets which are stated to cure anything. One "adaptor" does everything except save the loss of its purchase price, while another beautifies the face, prevents hay fever, cures asthma—all for a couple of pounds.

Deal only with reputable firms and advertisers, otherwise you'll almost certainly lose your money and derive no real benefit at all.

Purchase Tax Profit-Hogs

MY desk is littered with letters from readers who wish to know whether they are rightly being charged Purchase Tax.

It is obvious from their complaints that some firms hope to make "a good thing" out of this tax by charging it against a customer when they have not had to pay it themselves. Here is a typical letter:

"I bought from a furnishing firm a bedroom suite in July, to be paid for on hire-purchase terms. I paid a substantial deposit, and have since paid further sums regularly."

"Imagine my surprise when I received a letter saying, 'Your order will be taxed according to the new Luxury Trades Act, when 25 per cent. (5s. in the £) will be added to your present account.'"

Quite possibly, the firm is justified in making a charge of some kind, but all such matters should be reported to the local Price Regulating Committee, whose address can be obtained from any post office.

Purchase Tax is not payable on transactions, whether hire-purchase or otherwise, entered into before October 21, 1940, the date when the tax came into force, though it may be payable in instances where the goods are not delivered until after October 21.

And Purchase Tax is not payable on goods already in stock on that date.

This is another instance where unscrupulous traders try to exact money to which they are not entitled.

Moreover, you do not have to pay tax on second-hand goods unless they have been reconditioned.

If you are a victim of any such malpractice, or suspect that you are being overcharged, write to me about it, and I will bring it to the notice of the proper authorities.

Author of "The Kaiser's Master Spy," **S. THEODORE FELSTEAD** ***reveals***

How NIGHT KILLERS work

Ill-paid traitors and cunning spies have helped the German Operations Department to build up a gigantic map of Britain's defences. But still the bomber pilots fail to find their targets and instead hurl down death on helpless women and children

DRONING around in the darkness of the night, vainly peering below for something worth bombing, the Nazi killers who fly over London every night can have but the haziest idea of what is a real objective.

Before setting out on their nocturnal visitations they are certainly given a number of targets, primary and secondary.

Their first mission may be a couple of gasometers in a south-western suburb, as well as some railways that may be adjacent.

To reach these objectives, they will fly over on their compass and a cross beam to tell them when they have reached their destination or thereabouts; their speedometer will denote, but only roughly, what distance they have covered.

Wind resistance plays a vital part in estimating speed; in the event of equinoctial gales, such as blow every autumn and spring, there may be a 50-mile-an-hour breeze which makes distance well nigh impossible to calculate to a mile or two.

Hence the necessity of finding landmarks, in which respect London must be considered peculiarly unfortunate.

Half the machines that succeed in making their way into our capital of a night have the Thames as a signpost that is unmistakable.

From France the Nazis come in a north-westerly direction through Sussex and Surrey until they pick up the gleaming water of the river.

They are then enabled to turn right, in the full assurance that a few minutes longer will bring them over Central London—lights or no lights.

Little by little they identify the various searchlight and gun stations, marking them down on their maps for future guidance.

BY now their Operations Department have London's defences well taped, and they are as fully aware as we are that for forty miles and more, around the great Metropolis, there is a gigantic ring of guns, both heavy and quick-firing, that have to be passed before the inner circle can be safely reached.

Flying above the guns during the winter brings the peril of ice forming on the wings, a peril, despite all predictions to the contrary, which has yet to be overcome.

Down to fifteen or twenty thousand feet is safer—on paper. Here, again, there are innumerable snags.

They come within range of the pom-poms and other quick-firers, which can put up a devastating barrage in a few seconds once they are located.

The balloons may also be floating around where least expected; it doesn't improve the nerve of Nazi aviators to think they may run slap into the cable of a balloon and be cut to ribbons.

Baling out in the Stygian gloom is equally unattractive and only to be attempted in the most desperate circumstances.

To land on somebody's roof in the darkness, with perhaps a broken leg or an arm, is a prospect that makes many a man fly on blindly until the unavoidable crash takes place.

We were free in London from these death-dealing raids until the end of August. But night after night there was ample warning of their coming soon, in the form of a single machine which boldly flew into the London area.

Why attempts to bring this lone raider down were not made at almost any cost is a mystery that many people would like solved.

It was surmised—and there is little reason to doubt its truth—that he was one of the pilots who had been flying passenger machines to Heston in pre-war days. Such a man would know the route like the back of his own hand.

Ground staff at a Luftwaffe Flying Field wheel out the big bombs when preparing their bombers for the night offensive. The Nazi pilots are guided in their raids over Britain by Fifth Column information.

Equally certain was it that this solitary scout—who dropped no bombs—was carrying with him relays of other pilots who would shortly be flying bombers of their own.

There were well-authenticated instances of these commercial pilots using the knowledge we had foolishly permitted them to acquire in the past—at Croydon, Hanworth and Liverpool, as well as Heston.

Residents of Croydon who saw the first Nazi bombing of that airport said the Nazi squadron came in on the identical beam that the passenger machines from the Continent had been using for three years.

Exactly the same thing occurred at Liverpool, a place much more difficult to find than Croydon.

Many people around the four aerodromes mentioned frequently remarked how often the pilots in these machines from Germany were changed; they would make perhaps half-a-dozen trips, and then be replaced by another man.

Now we know why!

WE have perpetrated, or shall I say permitted, much of this kind of foolishness. In September last year Mr. Justice Oliver, at the Old Bailey, sentenced to seven years' penal servitude a resident of Richmond, Surrey, named D. O. R. Adams, who had been charged with various offences under the Official Secrets Acts.

A German spy agency in Hanover had entrusted him with the task of collecting information about the balloon barrage, Bren guns, and the location of aerodromes.

The master spy in Germany, being fully alive to the possibility of the British counter-espionage taking a hand in the game, considerately arranged a safe courier for the more valuable information that Adams was getting from one source and another.

He instructed Adams to go over to Hanworth Airport, only a mile or two away, where his letters could be handed to the pilots of German machines who, in their turn, would bring him the correspondence from Germany.

Not long before this affair, we had another revelation of the fatuous complacency with which we allow traitors in our midst—the case of the Bolton bricklayer, Joseph Kelly.

This man, with the active connivance of no less a person than the German Consul at Liverpool, Walther Reinhardt, was sent over to Osnabruck—since well bombed by our airmen—to betray the plans of a huge munition plant in Lancashire, perhaps the biggest of its kind we possess.

Its total cost was £12,000,000.

KELLY'S treason brought him exactly £30, which even by Nazi standards of frugality must be reckoned a first-class bargain.

True, the culprit went to penal servitude for ten years; but he, as well as Adams, should have been shot or hanged.

For the worthy Dr. Reinhardt there was, of course, diplomatic immunity; he was returned to store, *persona non grata*.

On all fours with this malodorous episode was the intriguing affair of Dr. R. G. Rosel, the friend of Admiral Sir Barry Domville, a former Director of Naval Intelligence—a rare prize for any German of an inquisitive turn of mind.

He came here ostensibly as the London representative of the *National Zeitung*, of Essen, a newspaper supposed to be controlled by Hermann Goering.

Never before in its long existence had the *National Zeitung*, an organ previously owned by the Krupp family, thought it necessary to keep a man in London.

Rosel possessed plenty of that typical German impudence which goes down so well with us. He opened two offices in Parliament Street, Whitehall, just round the corner from Scotland Yard!

He was also, as a means of espionage, a shining light in the Anglo-German Fellowship League, another of those camouflaged spy organisations the Nazis are so fond of.

As the representative of an Essen newspaper, the Doktor was naturally much concerned with Britain's heavy industries—iron, steel, armaments, and the like.

In Essen they would want to know exactly what their British competitors were doing.

The Doktor, keen-faced, sharp-nosed, verging on forty, could more than fill the bill. Regularly a budget of intelligence found its way to Essen.

But not through the post.

That, as he well knew, would never do. Once a week, an attache from his Embassy in Carlton House came down to the mysterious offices in Whitehall—a place with many doors—where Rosel handed over his packet of news, to be forwarded to Germany untouched by prying officials of the counter-espionage.

In May last year, thanks to a certain amount of belated activity on the part of the Home Office, the Doktor was deported as an undesirable alien. He could not have been dissatisfied with the result of his labours.

ORDINARY espionage has largely disappeared during this war. The spy in the sky can work far more effectively, once he has located a promising target, with his long-range camera from a height of 20,000 feet.

Gradually a panoramic map is pieced together, covering, perhaps, twenty miles of country, with all the larger buildings plainly marked.

New works are identified in course of time, unless they are effectively camouflaged.

As far as the Nazi airmen are concerned any prominent edifice is fair game. Inside the London area, where there are few legitimate military objectives, they mark down blocks of flats, hospitals and warehouses.

Railway stations also appeal to them, and latterly they have been trying to bomb unduly troublesome batteries, adding a dose of machine-gunning if the chance presents itself.

Occasionally these fiends come over with huge bombs.

In a western suburb recently two came down within a hundred yards of each other at three o'clock in the morning, exploding almost simultaneously.

There were no "military objectives" anywhere near; the victims were the residents of a large block of newly completed flats.

ASK the people in this stricken neighbourhood whether they believe in bombing Berlin!

Once upon a time, in the Great War, the German Air Force had "traditions."

That was in the days of Baron von Richtofen (The Red Knight, as the Germans called him), Boelcke and Immelman.

These killers of the night who slaughter our women and children in their beds haven't got any traditions; they're just cowardly, cold-blooded murderers who will go on killing until we take sanguinary reprisals against German civilians.

We had a Zeppelin raid on London which butchered 236 people in 1916.

We waited a week, we and the French, to collect sufficient machines to pay them back in their own coin.

Then we went up and down the big Rhine cities, killing six or seven hundred in one memorable night.

No more Zeppelins visited London for five months.

HAIL, HELL & HI CAN'T STOP 'EM

MERCHANT ships aren't allowed to carry depth-charges (it isn't all fun being shot sitting), and our little guns are toys compared with the 6-in. and 8-in. weapons the big U-boats carry, to say nothing of 2,000-lb. torpedoes. But sailors don't care.

When the time comes, we cock up our guns and have a pot at dive-bombers or minelayers.

When we are on shore, we take gunnery courses and lessons in dodging bombs and gunfire.

We pick up a bit in convoys.

And when Jerry puts in one of his shy appearances, we spit on our hands and have a smack at him. And generally Neptune is kind to his own.

Here is a big merchantman loading in Glasgow for Bombay. The derricks are swinging and the winches groaning, the A.B.s are busy getting her ready for sea—when suddenly there comes an urgent order to proceed to Milford Haven and take a hundred and fifty tons of dynamite aboard.

A nice cargo—in war time!

We slip out in the dusk, and stand down the coast. We get the stuff safely stowed below at Milford Haven.

I go ashore and have a word with the Officer Commanding, asking for a couple of armed trawlers as escort, at least as far as Fastnet Light, as submarines have been pretty thick that way lately.

The request is granted.

Armed Escort

One summer afternoon, with the sun turning the water to rippling gold, we stand away southwards, the two sturdy little trawlers in charge of us, like a prisoner between a couple of coppers.

The engines chug quietly. We slip over the sea as if on a pleasure trip; there is never a sign of a German, and you would not dream there was a war on.

Forrard, the men are singing a shanty as they work: "*What* shall we *do* with the *drunken* sailor? . . ." Across the water, the trawlermen join in the chorus.

Fastnet is passed. The trawlers put about and go fussing back, shrink to black smears—and vanish. We—and our dynamite—are alone. At least, we hope so!

We pound along steadily, and the sun moves across the sky. Everything is perfectly peaceful except the Mate, who has a raging toothache, and shouts like a minute-gun whenever he can find anyone to shout at.

Two days out. Sunset. Peaceful night.

The ship moves quietly southwards, a darker shape in the darkness, a luminous white wake behind her, the throbbing of her screw pulsating the soft air.

Tap-tap on the stateroom door. The First Mate comes in.

It is clear that he has forgotten his toothache, though his face is swollen badly.

"Heavy gunfire on the port beam, sir! I could see the flashes from the guns."

Yes! I can hear the dull *thud, thud-thud.* Out we go one-time, and up the ladders to the bridge.

Over there, the darkness splits with three quick yellow stabs, and then seems blacker than before.

Immediately after come the reports—one—two—three.

Fleeing for Life

No need to study them further.

Those right down on the water are from a U-boat's quick-firers; the smaller points of light, higher up, are from the after-deck of a merchantman, fleeing for her life, putting her helm to port—then to starboard—quickening her engines to a speed they were never meant for—slowing suddenly—dodging—thumping back with her little gun—heading for England—hoping against hope. . . .

Yes—here is Sparks with a message: *"S O S—Attacked by a German submarine, latitude so-and-so, longitude such-and-such—S O S—S O S . . ."*

The Mate is standing there beside me, moistening his lips, ready to knock Seven Bells out of these blast d Germans—meaning to get his own back on them for his toothache and his lost shore-leave and heaven knows what besides.

Below in the dark, the Watch on Deck is suddenly quiet, listening for the order to port the helm—to go round and have a smack at them. . . .

But it is forbidden.

Merchant ships are only allowed to hit back if actually attacked!

So we have to stand on our way, knowing that our shipmates over there may be smashed into the water—machine-gunned as they swim, perhaps, and we can do—nothing.

On we go. The great painted ocean under the milky starlight looks like a picture.

Suddenly those crackling signals from astern die away.

Has she been sunk?

Has she escaped?

Has a warship come tearing through the night? We shall never know.

Dawn. A streak of light far away over a heaving sea. Suddenly the lookout at the masthead yells in a voice to wake the dead beneath the waves: **"Periscope on starboard beam!"**

Not a hundred yards away, a little stick-like object waltzes through the water—a submarine periscope.

Enough is showing to identify it as a Fritz. And he hasn't seen us!

He is in the act of submerging. He sinks suddenly out of sight.

I yell to the helmsman to put the ship about, and with engines beating at full speed we pass over the place. Everyone listens painfully for a bumping and grating beneath the keel. No sound. No spreading oil. Just the widening yellow path of the dawn over the restless waves.

Midnight Salute

We turn again on our course. About midday we pass another ship of the Line and swop news and cynicisms by signal as we go

NOVEMBER 2, 1940

COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS,

In this new series of Red Ensign epics, describes the breathless gallantry of "running" food and munitions despite dive-bombers and pocket battleships, mines and submarines, E boats and coastal batteries. Commodore Phillips is himself one of the Seven Seas veterans whom Hitler will never daunt. Formerly Commodore of the Clan Line, he has sailed more than two million miles, skipped torpedoes, surface raiders, dodged U-boats and fought tornadoes.

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by. The flags dip in salute. We wonder whether we shall ever see each other again.

Two days later, as we stand along our course, the Chief Officer jumps into the chartroom on whose settee I am trying to sleep after sleepless nights.

"Lookout at the foremast head has spotted a submarine surfaced right on our course, sir!"

Up to the bridge I go as hard as I can run, with the First at my heels. I note that the engines have slowed to quarter speed. I get my glasses on the spot, two miles ahead. Into the lenses suddenly leaps a picture of a low, grey shape with the unmistakable conning-tower of a U-boat.

I could see no one moving and nothing doing, and heaved a sigh of thankfulness.

I rang the engine telegraph full ahead, turned about, and told the Chief Engineer to get his last ounce out of her if he wanted to walk Sauchiehall Street again.

He grunted.

Presently the ship begins to grunt, too. She throbs and beats and steams and smokes and grinds and reaches along at a speed that would cause her makers to throw up their hands.

The U-boat remains where she is. No watcher appears on her deck.

I keep the glasses on her as she recedes and dwindles, wondering just how quickly (if anyone aboard her spotted us) she would loose off her ton torpedo at our 150 tons of dynamite, and how many *Queen Marys* you could put into the hole in the sea that would be blown by the ensuing explosion.

But we run out of sight quite safely, make a huge detour so as not to disturb Jerry's siesta, and continue again on our course.

One morning, orders come crackling out of the void for us. Sparks brings me the form. I look at it, thank him, and alter course. We are to join a convoy—so presumably things are warm ahead.

Smears of smoke on the horizon grow into the shapes of ships. Ten—twelve—fifteen of them, with two warships snaking along outside. We run up signals.

We are answered. We take our place in the secret geometrical formation that some Cambridge Mathematics Wrangler has worked out as showing the least possible surface to submarine attack.

Action Stations!

Two days later Jerry pays us a call.

"Submarine starboard bow!"

It would do your heart good to see that convoy disperse and turn and twist according to the new drill—like a flock of startled ducks.

Each ship presents its stern to the enemy, without any confusion or delay or collisions. And *THERE* go the warships!

Nearly a mile away, the low grey form of a U-boat, surfaced, right in the middle of her business, and one torpedo already foaming through the water nearly into us—between two of us—scrapes by a third and passes on harmlessly out of sight. . . .

And we turn back. The warships' guns are pom-poming, and they seem to be skimming the wavetops so fast do they go.

CRASH—CRASH. **First one and then instantly the other shear over the place where that U-boat was, just like a couple of great grey steam-ploughs. . . .**

But the U-boat has crash-dived and they have missed her by inches!

No, by heck!

As they slide away, there is the sight of something slipping over the sterns of each, and then from behind them rise twin volcanoes of foaming water blotting out the destroyers and climbing almost to the sun.

And then two more.

And even from here, we can see tremendous air bubbles bursting up from beneath the waves, and then the stern of a submarine comes slowly out of the water, instantly to be hammered by the warships' Q.F. guns—*boom—boom—boom . . . boom—boom.*

It climbs till it stands vertical out of the water, staggers as though about to crash down, and then plunges with a sickly heave straight down beneath the sea.

And where it has gone presently rise more bubbles with sickly gurglings, and then a great reddish-greenish shimmer of shining oil.

There is no need to do it, but the Navy takes no chances.

Down, down . . .

Down go two more depth-charges. A pause. Two more explosions muffled beneath the waves. A new uprush of foaming water.

And then our escort returns quietly from that place where a submarine, burst and battered and holed like a mashed tin can, has gone plunging half a mile down to the silent greenness of the sea-floor where creatures with wavy legs will fasten on it.

We go on our way across the warm, scented southern seas, leaving Africa behind, and standing across the Indian Ocean past palmy islets for Bombay.

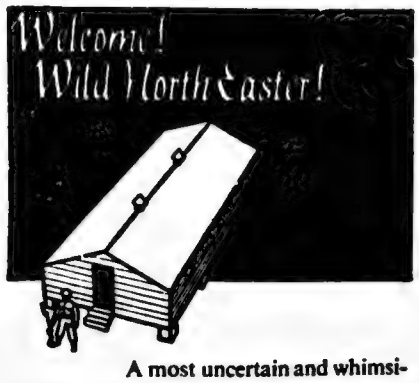
We slide into Bombay, meeting a crowd of shipping from all over the world as usual, some coming, some going, some unloading, some loading.

Never a sign of a German, no news of anything lost hereabouts—in fact, the Red Ensign carrying on business as usual despite alterations, doing a rattling good trade, and the Swastika nowhere.

We get our dynamite ashore. And I'm pleased to see the back of the stuff! Then I go ashore to drink a peg with the Harbour-master to Hitler's damnation.

And then we start loading rice for England. You can take a pretty long bet we'll deliver it to schedule presently, whether the Nazis like it or no.

Next week: **Fifty Heinkels Do Their Damnedest.**



A most uncertain and whimsical thing is the English winter. And with a war on, it is especially important to protect your Poultry Houses, Potting Sheds, Barns and other out-houses against the wind and the rain. Stormax, the guaranteed bitumen felt, is ideal for this. It is also admirable for the many temporary buildings now in evidence. For protection out of doors, use Stormax. 6/6 and 8/9 per 12 yd. roll. Nails provided.

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Please send me free sample and full particulars of "Stormax" and details of nearest stockists.

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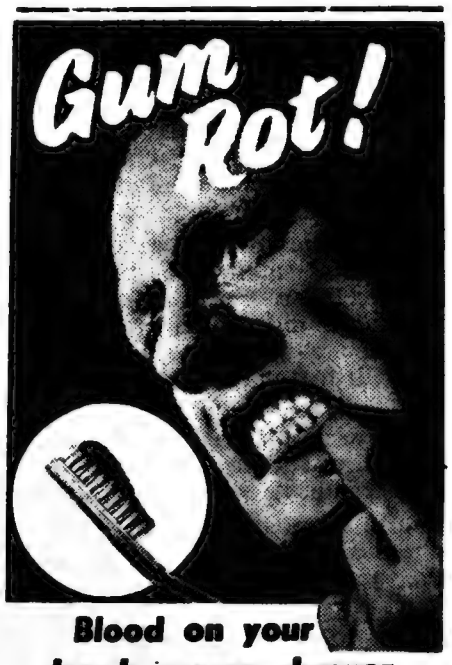

Blood on your brush means danger

It warns you of gum-rot (pyorrhoea) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis).
To stop this, use Gibbs S.R. Toothpaste. The Sodium Ricinoleate it contains is what your own dentist uses for gum treatment. Use Gibbs S.R. *regularly* and keep firm, healthy gums.

GIBBS **S.R.** **TOOTHPASTE**

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That Awkward Moment

when children plead for something sweet

IT'S hard to explain to children the present need for conserving shipping space. The only space they are interested in is the hollow space just below their ribs.

And quite right they are, too. When they plead for something sweet, they are only asking for what every active and growing child needs — an extra ration of energy.

NATURAL SWEETNESS

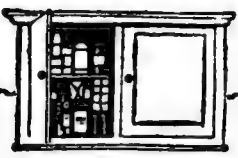
The natural sweetness of Horlicks — which comes from the milk sugar and malt sugars in it — will delight them and give them that added energy in a form they can use at once: in the valuable form that passes into the bloodstream almost immediately, without putting any strain on the digestion. They won't "make themselves sick" drinking Horlicks! It will do them good.

It will do them good for other reasons besides the quick energy it gives. For Horlicks also provides body-building protein[1] and calcium[2]. There's fresh, full-cream milk in it, too, and every child should have milk every day; milk is one of the very best "protective" foods there are.

A COMPLETE FOOD

Being a complete food, Horlicks helps to make good any lack of certain elements in children's other food and corrects any tendency to monotony in their diet. This is important when free choice of foods is limited.

So let your children have Horlicks! They'll adore it, and they'll be all the better for it! Prices from 2/-, the same as before the war. At all chemists and grocers.



FOR YOUR EMERGENCY STORE

In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food, sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only and can be taken cold if gas or electricity supplies fail. It keeps indefinitely even after the bottle has been opened, if the cap is replaced tightly. For safety's sake, get an extra stock of Horlicks now.

1 *Horlicks is 14%-15% protein, one-half of which is "first-class protein" derived from milk.*

2 *Horlicks contains calcium to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. The milk sugar in Horlicks helps the growing child to use calcium to the best advantage.*

HORLICKS

How she enjoys her daily cup of OXO after playing. And how easy for Mother to make — an OXO Cube, a cup of hot water — a delicious and nourishing drink quickly made.

OXO OXO

—NO INCREASE IN PRICE!

STRENGTHENS THE HOME FRONT

What a pity she doesn't take

a laxative which makes her gay instead of grumpy, high-spirited instead of short-tempered. What a pity she doesn't take Lixen! For Lixen proves that a laxative can be both thorough *and* pleasant. It is non-griping and non-habit-forming — and as good and safe for children and invalids as it is for adults. From chemists only. LIXEN LOZENGES (fruit-flavoured) 2½d. & 1/3 LIXEN ELIXIR (in bottles) 1/3, 2/-, 3/6.

LIXEN

the good-natured

LAXATIVE

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., LONDON, E.C.2

JOHN BULL'S 10-MINUTE STORY

Gather Ye Rosebuds

BY WILL SCOTT

Standing at your shop door all the time means that you can't be inside your shop serving people.

MR. PIKE used to get on my nerves. Not that I knew Mr. Pike. Not that I wanted to.

But just seeing the fellow. *Having* to see him. Twice a day.

I wasn't surprised that he was always standing at his shop door.

Standing at your shop door all the time means that you can't be inside your shop serving people. And a man with a face like Mr. Pike can't expect to attract people inside his shop to *be* served.

It was dreadful. All the lines of his face went down. The corners of his mouth went down. His eyebrows went down. His moustache went down. Even his eyelids were half-closed. He stared, but he saw nothing.

And even from across the street, as you passed, you could hear him sigh.

Oh, it was ghastly!

There was only one thing: you forgot about the war when you saw Mr. Pike. You thought about the end of the world instead.

The first time I passed him I thought "What a miserable man!" The second time I passed him I thought "There's that miserable man again!" The third time I passed him I thought "There's that miserable man *again*!"

And the fiftieth time I passed him I wanted to commit murder.

I know that the march of time to-day isn't precisely a comic strip, but you *can* make things worse. And the depressing face of Mr. Pike was making things worse for me.

It got on my mind so that it was never off my mind. I could not stop thinking about him.

And since something had to be done about it, and it seemed that he wasn't in the frame of mind to do anything at all, *I* did something.

I started going round.

Instead of straight down the street, I turned to the right down America Lane, and past the little bridges, and up by Yew Trees, and came out into the street again about a couple of hundred yards beyond his shop, so that I didn't have to see him at all.

But it put a quarter of a mile on to it for me, and did I love him for *that*! For me, he was like that whiskery old scoundrel that Sinbad had to carry around.

However, that's how it started. So now you know.

One Saturday, about twelve o'clock, my neighbour at the top of the lane brought my garden shears back.

"Thanks very much. Very kind of you," he said. "If you'd care to come down to the inn I'd like to stand you a pint."

Well. I brightened up at that—but a second later the usual cloud had passed over me.

"Thanks," I said, "but no. It's too far."

"Too *far*?" said my neighbour, gaping. "Why, it's only just down the street."

"That way, yes," I agreed. "But I never go that way. I go down America Lane and round by Yew Trees."

He didn't stop gaping at that!

"What on earth for?" he asked. "It puts poles and perches on it."

"I know," said I. "But that way I don't have to pass old Pike and his face. And old Pike and his face get on my nerves. A man with a face like that ought to be put away for the duration. It's bad for public morale."

"Poor old Pike!" said my neighbour.

And that surprised me. Miserable old Pike, yes. Gloomy old Pike. Depressing old Pike. But *poor* old Pike! It seemed to me that it was the people on *this* side of Pike's face who ought to have the sympathy.

"It's the war," said my neighbour.

"What is?" I asked.

"Old Pike," said my neighbour, "is worrying more about the war than any man I've ever heard of.

"Not about what it will do to him or his business, but about the war itself. It's preying on his mind. I don't think he ever sleeps. War—war—war.

"It's all he ever thinks about. He doesn't see just the end of his business in the war; he sees the end of civilisation, everything.

"He thinks we're going to live in caves again, like we did ten thousand years ago. End of *everything*. It's terrible!

"Somebody ought to do something for him, but what can you *do*?"

WHEN my neighbour had gone I thought all this over, and I saw that I had been treating Mr. Pike shabbily. In my mind, of course, and he didn't know. But that made it no better.

He began to get on my nerves again, but in a different way. I felt, having been so *anti*, now very definitely *pro*.

"Somebody ought to do something for him, but what can you *do*?" my neighbour had said. Well, that attitude, of course, did nothing. And I thanked heaven that we had not all been born dumb.

Most of the afternoon was occupied by the tramp fellow, but after tea, having a spare hour, I made up my mind.

"I'm just going down to Pike's," I told my wife. "Shan't be long."

Of course she knew what I thought about Pike. She was staggered.

"Whatever for?" she asked.

"Cheer him up," I replied. "Public duty. Somebody's got to do it!"

And I got out before she could ask any more questions.

And down the street. And into Pike's.

"Good evening!" said Mr. Pike brightly. And rubbed his hands and bowed and smiled.

This went (if you can follow me) right through my middle stump and took the wind out of my sails. I couldn't say a word.

"Anything I can get you, sir?" Mr. Pike asked cheerfully.

I was bewildered. I could only look at him. All the lines of his face went up. His moustache was perky. His eyes were wide open. He looked the soul of happiness.

"Er—packet of dog biscuits, please," I said. I thought of dog biscuits because they were in front of my nose.

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Pike chirpily. "Afraid they've gone up in price again, sir. The war, you know."

THAT seemed to be my chance.

"Ah, yes, the war," said I. "A very depressing affair."

"Depressing, sir?" said Mr. Pike. "Well, yes, I suppose so. If you look at it that *way*. There are two ways of looking at everything. Dog biscuits? Yes, sir."

He put them on the counter.

"I admit, sir," he said, "that I've worried about the war. But not now."

"Not now?" said I.

"No, sir," said he. "No, no, no!"

"I see," said I.

"Well, what good does worrying do?" he asked.

"I quite agree," said I.

He pushed his hat on one side and rested his elbows on a high box of cereals. He seemed about to address a public meeting.

"There are some people who see in this war the end of everything," he said. "The collapse of civilisation, the finish of everything that we have regarded as human progress. But that, sir, is ridiculous. Simply ridiculous."

He thumped the box.

"There are some people who saw coming along, if this war hadn't come along, a heaven on earth. Just as now they see coming along, *because* of this war, a hell on earth. Which is stupid, sir."

I stared at him, goggle-eyed.

"The world after the war will be pretty much the same as the world before the war," Mr. Pike went on. "And why?"

"Because——," said I.

"Because," said he, "there'll be pretty well the same sort of people living in it."

I still stared at him, still goggle-eyed.

"You can't have a heaven on earth without——"

"Angels," I jumped in. "You can't have a hell on earth——"

"Without devils," Mr. Pike interupted. "Men aren't angels, nor are they devils. They're just men, as they always were, good and——"

"Bad together," said I. "And because of that, the world after the war will be good and bad, too, pretty——"

"Much as it was before," said Mr. Pike.

We stopped singing the same song and looked at each other.

"Look here," said I, "have you had a visit from a tramp?"

"What! Have you had him, too?"

"A fat fellow with a white cloth cap and a purple pullover thing?"

"That's the chap!"

"I've had him," said I, "most of the afternoon."

"Well, can you beat that!" said Mr. Pike.

"I think," said I, "he wanted to chuck himself in the river; he was so depressed. The war meant the end of everything, particularly the carefree, roving-about sort of life, such as his. He could see nothing but *work* ahead. So I explained to him."

"All about the angels and devils?" said Mr. Pike. "And heaven on earth and hell on earth, and how it would be a pretty similar sort of world after the war, with the Derby and Boat Race Night and toasted muffins and everything?"

"That's right," said I.

"HE must have come straight on here and repeated it!" said Mr. Pike. "Word for word! He came in for a packet of fags and we got talking. I was feeling pretty down, but after what he had to say, I went up and I've stayed up, and I'm staying up for the duration."

"He was merry and bright, too?" said I.

"Most," said Mr. Pike.

"Oh, well, I've done a bit of good," said I. "I've cheered him up and he cheered you up. It gets round! But, really, when he was with me he was about as depressed as a man could be. So very depressed that I gave him five bob to brighten his life a bit."

"Well, can you beat that!" Mr. Pike exclaimed again.

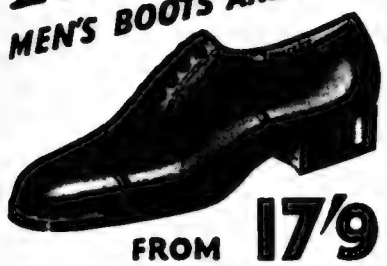
"Beat what?" said I.

"Well," said Mr. Pike, "he brightened my life so much that I gave him *ten* bob!"

STILL UNEQUALLED FOR STYLE . . . FIT AND COMFORT

Temeraire

MEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES



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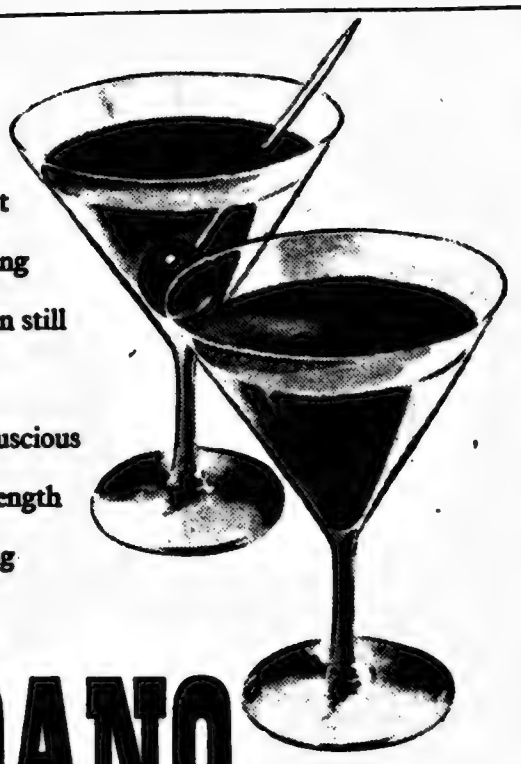
(IMPREGNABLE BOOTS) LTD., HIGHAM FFRRERS, NORTHANTS

No need to worry about cocktail ingredients becoming unobtainable. Maldano can still supply you with a perfect cocktail *ready-mixed*. 14 luscious varieties, all of pre-war strength and quality. 14 stimulating glasses in every bottle.



MALDANO *ready-mixed*

COCKTAILS *6/6 per bottle*

MALDANO CREAMY EGG FLIP is the finest tonic for war strain. 7/6 a bottle—stocked by all good wine merchants.

Phosphates

Their importance in modern diet

Can anything be done to build up the defences of the individual, so that he can resist the manifold strains to which he is subject in war time?

Medical science says 'Yes'.

A diet rich in phosphates is the best guarantee of strong nerves.

But can such a diet be devised for the ordinary man and his family, at a cost they can afford?

Again, medical science says 'Yes'.

For laboratory tests have proved conclusively that Fry's Cocoa, the popular food-drink of millions of men, women and children, is very rich indeed in phosphates, the substances that are absolutely essential to the building of strong nerves.

Fry's Cocoa is also rich in food and energy value, and contains Vitamin D—the natural sunshine vitamin from the cocoa bean.

Where Fry's Cocoa is served at mealtimes and as a nightcap before going to bed, the housewife need have no fear about the family's health, for the warm, energizing cocoa will supply just those extra elements that each one needs in war time.

FRY'S COCOA

RICH IN NERVE FOOD

Down in price. **NOW 5d. ½ LB**

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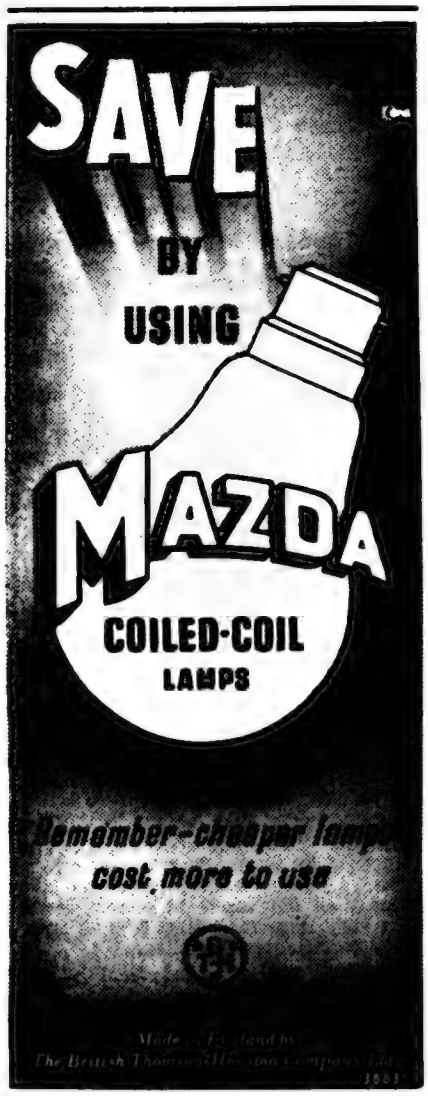


With War'fare' rations, H. or C. O.K. saves monotony.

SAYS Martin O'Kay —the Saucy Boy

O.K.

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

COBRA WHITE

WAX FLOOR POLISH

WM WREN & CO (Watford) LTD WATFORD C/HK/3

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

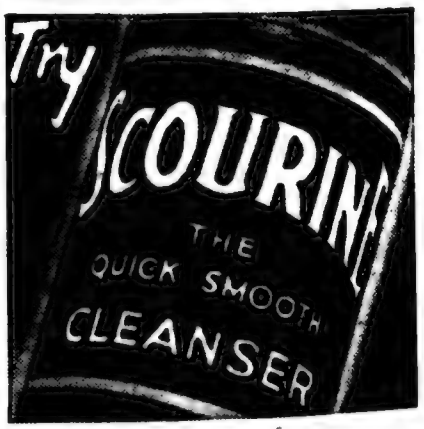
Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

SKIN TROUBLES

such as Eczema, Dermatitis, Irritation and even Bad Legs; Burns, Cuts invariably yield to HEALO Treatment, and Testimonials are constantly being received from grateful users. Here is one from Melbourne, Derbyshire: "*Will you please send me a 3/- tin of HEALO. A friend gave me half a 1/3 tin of your Ointment, and it has done my Dermatitis more good than four years' hospital treatment.*" *W—— G——.*

HEALO Brand Ointment is sold in 1/3 and 3/- tins from all Chemists or post free from Cuxson, Gerrard and Co., Ltd., Oldbury.

HEALO OINTMENT



Get some from WOOLWORTH'S or from any grocer or stores

HUMANIST sympathises with those who wish now they had been a little more humane in the past, advises them to be quick about making up for lost time

Haunted By My Past

HARDLY anybody asks me to share his problem without at some time saying, "If only . . .! If only I had not lost my temper; if only I had thought before speaking; if only I had been a little kinder. And usually only sad reflections begin that way.

"When I was the last one in the old home," writes a woman, "my sisters brought their baby boys to visit us.

"Those three boys were as good as children can be expected to be, yet I was always finding fault with them. They could do nothing right.

"I hated the disorder they caused in a tidy house, and I abused my sisters for allowing them to do this or that. I prophesied that they were making rods for their own backs.

Terrible Remorse

"I was beastly to those children, and I did not improve as they grew older. They did well at school, but when one of them won a scholarship I said that he would not have passed if more pupils had entered for the examination.

"I have not seen the older boys for years.

"They are both in the R.A.F. and are doing well. They neither smoke nor drink; they write home regularly. And

"I was beastly to those children, and I did not improve as they grew up . . . If only I had been a little kinder"

now I realise that I may never see them again my remorse is terrible.

"If only I had been kinder years ago!

"How different I could have made their visits!

"How much better had I praised their parents' methods of bringing them up! How much happier would my own thoughts be to-day!

"Naturally, I am trying to make up.

"I write to them, sending expressions of my love, but I tremble to think what I should feel if I heard that they had been hurt or killed."

The writer of the letter is not alone in such miserable memories. We all ignore opportunities of showing kindness, then regret them, especially when we fear that it may be too late.

Pity of it is that this woman was so severe towards the children.

They must have regarded her as a cruel stepmother, or the wicked witch in their fairy tales.

Even though she is striving to make good with them now, childish impressions are never entirely erased.

Oh, if only . . .

A Fresh Start!

There is nothing to be gained by brooding on what is past.

There is still to-day in which one can make a fresh start, and there is always hope of doing better in the future.

"When we were first married," writes another woman, "my husband always kissed me before setting off to work. But after a time he gradually forgot.

"I don't think he knew how I felt it.

"But now we are all in the front line he has returned to his old custom.

"He never goes away without a smile and a kiss. Probably he thinks we may never see each other alive again, and wants to feel that we parted on good terms.

"It is natural to think like this in these days, but it is strange that nothing less than a great war could have brought about the change.

"Can't men realise that their wives are never tired of these little signs of affection. A good-bye kiss makes all the difference.

So Easy to Drift

"It is easy to drift, to grow cold and indifferent. Married people should be warned against the danger from the first.

"I know that one cannot always feel romantically in love, but there should be something more than glamour in a successful marriage.

"Real affection should burn with a steady flame, but no fire can last without periodical refuelling."

Many women readers will agree with this. Men are apt to get slack, to take things for granted, to omit the little kindnesses and courtesies that women value so highly.

Most of it is due to thoughtlessness.

It does not occur to a man to buy a bunch of roses for his wife unless it is a birthday or an anniversary.

Affection needs deliberate tending, like a fire. We realise this when it is too late, and the fire is dead. If only . . .

Should She Obey?

Now for another problem about married happiness:

"My husband is in the Army," writes a third woman, "and I am just managing to scrape along with my ten-year-old son.

"I have an offer of a job at 35s. weekly, which would be a godsend. But my little boy needs constant attention. I suggested to my husband that mother should come to live with me, so she could take care of the boy.

"With the extra money I could do so many things that are impossible on the Army allowance.

"But my husband won't have mother in the house. He says that if I go out to work he will never return to me, and that I can look on him as dead!

"He is a good sort as husbands go, but the war seems to have changed him. He is not usually unreasonable.

"If I accept the job, there will be trouble.

"Shall I take the job and risk it? Shall I stay here twiddling my thumbs?"

Does the husband really object to his wife's going out to work?

Does he object to the presence of his mother-in-law in the home? You can only guess the answer to that.

This is Her Job

I cannot advise the writer to risk destroying the home, even for extra spending money.

She can try to persuade her husband to change his mind, but if he remains obdurate she should relinquish the idea.

She will not like this advice. I fancy she wants me to tell her that she should defy her husband. But not this time.

While a man is serving the country the wife should keep the home going as smoothly as possible.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page without your name, of course.

Greatest of These

FAMILY WITHOUT A FUTURE

"WE have no future. It is doubtful whether my husband will ever be able to work again. And we can't go on like this."

Mrs. Lewis, of Atherstone, Leicestershire, revealed a tragic state of affairs when she made an appeal to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund.

Her ex-Serviceman husband is unable to stay in any job for long because of frequent epileptic fits, caused by service in the last war.

There are four children of school age, all of whom need warm clothing before the onset of cold weather.

And it needs little imagination to picture the struggle to maintain a family of six on the twenty shillings left when Mrs. Lewis has paid ten shillings rent out of her husband's thirty shillings a week relief.

Do please send what you can to help.

Donations earmarked "Fits" to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who contribute under pseudonyms.

All administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

He is the Home Front Hero

HIS house was struck in ruins, all his neighbours' houses too, were just bricks, and dust, and rubble, all those Happy Homes he knew; were lost in blackened timber in crazy shapes fire-coiled, but he didn't even notice, he just sweated, bled, and toiled, as he moved the maimed and helpless across the bomb-torn street, he was just a Home Front Hero who didn't know Defeat.

HIS hands were bruised and bleeding, and his eyes were red with smoke, but he called out scraps of sympathy and cracked a grim-edged joke, with those who were more fortunate, whose houses were intact, and though the bombs were screaming down and the air with guns was cracked; he never faltered, never stayed to think of his own skin, THAT'S THE WAY WITH HOME FRONT HEROES, AND THAT'S THE WAY WE'RE GOING TO WIN!

HE helped the stretcher-bearers with every suffering load, till it came to the small playmate of his son, from down the road, then his shoulders heaved with anguish, this seemed more than he could do, but he made a narrow silent lane for that small form to pass through, he pressed back anxious neighbours, scarcely knowing how he felt, but while he stood erect and stern his Soul devoutly knelt.

THEN came the All Clear Siren and with it broke the dawn, his face was white and haggard, his clothes were stained and torn, he looked as if he'd rather no one saw him in that state, he even wished the siren had come a little late, so that folk wouldn't keep him to have a cup of tea, he wanted to get back to work, to crush out the memory, of that little form so motionless in its sudden tragic end, Oh, Little Boys of England, the Home Hero is your Friend.

AND that is why you'll see him on duty at each raid, he's a soldier without uniform, without glory, or parade, he just does his bit and takes no thought of what that bit may bring, but when the War is over and all the Peace Bells ring: you'll find him standing humbly somewhere in the crowd, while the hearts of all who know him will want to Shout Aloud, "Here stands a Home Front Hero, the Man who saw things through, the Man who helped to Win the War—AND THERE'S THOUSANDS OF HIM, TOO!

J. M.

TO KEEP YOU FIT

in times like these

old friends are best

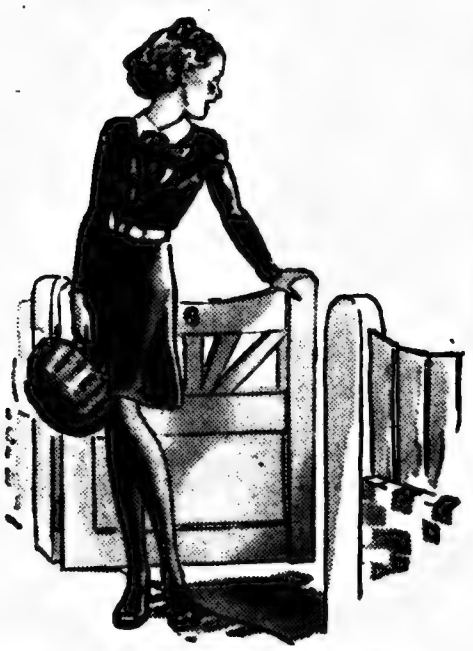
Take Beechams Pills and banish headaches, digestive upsets and liverishness by keeping your bowels regular—*in nature's own way*. You will keep your body slim, healthy, energetic. You will be cheerfully ready to face all the difficulties of times like these.

Obtainable everywhere

TAKE **Beechams Pills**

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

"Want anything else from Boots?"



Toothbrushes, malt extract, bottle of mother's favourite perfume . . . . . she can get them all at Boots. For however varied or unusual a family's requirements may be, Boots are always prepared with the widest selection of medicinal and toilet goods. There are over twelve hundred branches of Boots the Chemists in Great Britain and in each of them you can count on receiving the same friendly and competent service. Millions of families rely on Boots for everything they need from a chemist. Are *you* making full use of Boots service?

You can rely on **Boots** Chemists

23/3X2 BOOTS PURE DRUG COMPANY LIMITED

Look up and Smile —the Odol Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the Odol Smile! There's more than confidence and courage behind an Odol Smile—there's the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol—and when you smile, you know that you reveal the beauty of pearly teeth. So use Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made.

Send your kiddie a tin of Odol Solid Dentifrice. It's very good for children's teeth.

Odol

Tooth-paste 6d. and 1/-. Solid Dentifrice 6d.

DURING TEETHING— keep Baby Happy

WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' MOTHER'S BOOK. "EVERY

WELL

Fennings'

CHILDREN'S POWDERS

INSIST ON FENNINGS' OVER 70 YEARS' REPUTATION

HAPPY BABY— HAPPY MOTHER

The best and safest for children cutting their teeth. Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

Sold at 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.

Also in 1/3 and 3/- Boxes

ALFRED FENNINGS COWES

In 15 minutes you'll feel much better!

10 Drops of Phosferine will start the famous tonic action

The very first dose will add to your staying power and every succeeding dose will go on putting back into you what overwork, worry or illness take away—energy, strength, vitality, confidence. Countless thousands to-day are taking Phosferine—for they know that the greater the strain the greater the need for this wonderful tonic.

TABLETS or LIQUID. 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

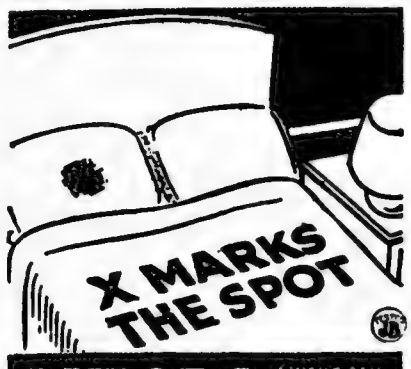
Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

PHOSFERINE Brand

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.



ANZORA MASTERS THE HAIR

WON'T SOIL HATS OR PILLOWS

6d. 1/3 & 2/3

ARP Instant FIRST AID FOR SKIN INJURIES

Cuticura Ointment brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents infection, quickly heals. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores, 1/3 and 2/6 a tin.

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT 193

MORE IODINE in YOUR BLOOD

How NOT to catch Colds, 'Flu and Epidemics

When you feel "done," whacked to the wide, chilled and worried, your vitality is low and you are an easy prey to germs—colds, 'flu and worse. You need defence against germ-invaders.

What is your best defence? Iodine. It regulates your whole health. Doctors agree you need tiny quantities every minute every day. The best way to get Iodine into your system is to inhale it. That's why breathing iodine-charged sea air is so good. How can you be sure of Iodine all the time? Wear a Simpson Iodine Locket round your neck or in vest pocket. Iodine liberated by body-heat rises continually to your nostrils. You are immune from germs. 3,000,000 wearers have proved it.

A Simpson Locket costs only 1/9 from chemists who still have untaxed stock. If difficulty, post free for 2/3 (inc. Purchase Tax) from J. W. Simpson (Chemist), Ltd. (Dept. K.8), Bartletts Passage, Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Would you like a free tin of Iodine Ointment for your First Aid kit? Just send a postcard.

NON-STOP HITTER

Not even seventy-eight breathless, bare knuckled rounds could wrest the championship from Tom Spring, first gentleman fighter who rode in a gilt carriage to reign over the Giants of the Ring. Here are the thrills of his career, told by

A. W. Holliwell

AROUND the little square of sawdust-strewn turf the mob heaved and swayed, jammed in a solid mass of excited, cursing, elbow-thrusting humanity.

You could not see a single blade of grass on Worcester racecourse.

On every side the vast crowd surged restlessly, more than two hundred thousand strong, packed so close that you could have taken a mile-long walk on their heads without touching ground.

Many of them had been there since the previous day.

They swarmed on to the towering grandstand until the structure groaned in protest and swayed alarmingly, perched themselves in trees, and fought for places on the waggons drawn up at various vantage points around the ring.

Even the tall ships moored in the silver Severn had their yardarms and rigging filled.

Only the gentry, in their stove-pipe hats and voluminous greatcoats, condescendingly viewing this amazing scene from the roofs of their shining four-in-hands, enjoyed any comfort.

The year was 1824.

Challenge to Spring

The date a day in January. And from all parts of England and from Ireland this astonishing gathering of sportsmen had come to watch tall and brown-eyed Tom Spring, champion of England, defend his title against the champion of Ireland, that dark-haired, smiling Don Juan, Jack Langan.

It gave promise of being a terrific battle.

Tom Spring, tall and smoothly muscled, graced with the perfect proportions of a Greek athlete, had some advantage in height and weight, but Langan, whose saturnine good looks made him a great favourite with the ladies, was a man of steel and whipcord, and he fought with all the fiery impetuosity of his race.

Grand sportsmen and grand fighters, both of them; firm friends, too, outside the ring, and until they squared up ready to trade punches until they dropped.

It was to see these two—Spring, the skilled and polished exponent of the art of fisticuffs, and Langan, the mighty hitter—battle for the right to crow as cock of the roost, that this mighty throng had come to the racecourse, braving the chill discomforts of a bitter winter's night in the open to be there.

And the mill they witnessed on that January day was worth it.

Long Slog

For two and a half hours Spring and Langan kept at it, slogging their way through seventy-eight hectic rounds before one lay stretched upon the turf and the other, in scarcely better shape, staggered wearily back to his corner.

A keen wind was sweeping across the winding river, and they shivered as they stepped up to scratch to shake hands in smiling good fellowship.

"Good luck, Jack," said Spring.

"And good luck to you, Tom," the Irishman replied.

For a long moment they stood, two magnificent specimens of young manhood, each eyeing the other appraisingly, fully aware that here was an opponent worthy of his steel.

And then they were at it, and the cold was forgotten as the solid smack of fist on flesh sent a murmur of excitement rippling through the crowd.

They looked to Langan for the fireworks and to Spring for the subtleties in the fight, and the opening minutes proved them right.

Mixing it up in the good old days . . . two famed heavyweights, Max Baer and Bombardier Billy Wells stage a bare fist fight in a barn for a film, show how the old fighters took their punishments

For it was the hotheaded Irishman who straightway took the offensive, lashing out with both hands as he rushed recklessly in.

Spring was content to bide his time, boxing steadily and taking no risks as he moved around the yielding turf with the sure-footed agility of a mountain goat.

Langan had the heavier punch.

After one fight in which he floored his opponent with a terrific right smash to the jaw, the poor fellow had been carried away as a corpse.

He was actually in his coffin and was on the point of being buried alive when he eventually roused himself from the devastating effects of the Irishman's terrible punch.

Spring, who had exceptionally small hands for a prize-fighter, could not hit with anything approaching the same force, but as a judge of timing and distance he had no equal.

He shot over his punches with the deadly accuracy of an archer loosing arrows, and he could land one after another on exactly the same spot, pounding a trifling bruise into a lump the size of a chicken's egg or hammering a slight cut into a gaping wound.

Bear-Hug

For the first hour he was hard pressed.

Again and again Langan rushed him, taking his heaviest blows full in the face without flinching.

One of the Irishman's favourite tricks was to wind his muscular arms round his opponent in a bear-hug and then hurl him to the ground with sickening force.

This was a legitimate form of assault and battery in the old bare-knuckle days, and round after round ended with Spring stretched breathless on the grass.

Once Langan threw him clean out of the ring amidst the spectators, and although with characteristic chivalry he lifted Tom to his feet, he set about him as savagely as ever when the next round began.

For the first fifty rounds Langan had things all his own way.

Whenever Spring went into a clinch he was worsted and he was severely shaken each time the Irishman dashed him to the ground.

Yet, dazed and battered though he was, his cunning did not desert him, and he kept prodding and jabbing at Langan's face with telling lefts and rights.

Fresh Start

His condition must have been superb, for in the end, despite the gruelling punishment he had taken, he out-stayed his challenger and began to forge ahead.

The Irish champion, making a desperate bid to finish the fight, closed with Spring and threw him so heavily that he lay like a dead man, but after the breather he was as fresh as ever and began making a target of Langan's eyes.

As these slowly closed he had Langan at his mercy, but Jack was a tough nut to crack and he still fought back pluckily. Half blind, he reeled drunkenly round the ring, now and then tripping headlong into the crowd as Spring plastered him with vicious punches.

The end came in the seventy-eighth round, when Tom caught him square with a terrific swing that stretched him senseless.

Many minutes passed before the Irish lad recovered his senses, but as soon as he was aware of his surroundings he jumped to his feet and raised his hands to continue the fight.

He had been beaten, but not disgraced, for Tom Spring was one of the greatest champions of the old prize ring.

Spring was the first gentleman fighter.

His contemporaries were a hard-bitten, hard-living bunch of toughs, but Spring—his real name was Winter—remained aloof.

Regal Pomp

He never drank alcohol, smoked or used bad language,

For many years he was chairman of a child welfare organisation in his native Hertfordshire, and he devoted a considerable portion of his ring earnings to charitable societies.

Spring was also the first fighter to have his reputation "built up" by the ballyhoo methods common in more recent times.

As a youngster, tutored by the reigning champion, Tom Cribb, Spring became a great favourite of old Astley, the circus king.

For a time he toured the country with one of the Astley road shows, and the old man insisted on driving him to his fights in a magnificent gilded carriage that had been presented to the circus by the Mikado of Japan.

Tom's arrival in this glittering juggernaut, drawn by four of the circus show horses, was almost as exciting as the subsequent contests, and it was no wonder that he speedily became the most talked of pugilist in the country.

He and Jack Langan fought a return bout later in the same year of their memorable meeting at Worcester.

The end came in the forty-ninth round, when Langan was so weak and exhausted that Spring, who could not bring himself to strike a helpless opponent, gently pushed him over with the open palm of one hand.

WAY TO HELP THE

Men Who Work Miracles

HITLER'S Blitzkrieg has taught London A.R.P. workers the art of the magician.

It has enabled them to produce living men and women out of burning debris that would once have been condemned as nothing more than a grave.

It has made it possible for them to achieve the impossible, teaching them tricks that have saved hundreds of lives.

And the secret of those tricks?

"Well, every single demolition must be treated as 'being alive,' no matter how terrible it looks," said Mr. L. W. Lane, Deputy Officer in Charge of the Westminster Rescue Service.

"Time after time we've taken people who haven't even been scratched from mountains of dirt and debris.

"No matter how big the mountain of debris, somewhere inside it there will be a beam, some rafters, or a bit of furniture holding back tons and tons of masonry and dirt," he added.

"And in that tunnel people will be waiting to be helped out.

"We've been able to do the most amazing things simply because we've gone on digging, digging, digging, looking for tunnels and holes.

"It would be a good idea for local authorities to organise Street Committees under a reputable man, who would make himself familiar with the details of every building.

"He would know just how many people were in it, both by day and by night, and where they would most likely be at any given time.

"The moment a building was demolished he could direct the rescue squads."

* * *

Mr. Black, Borough Surveyor of Kensington, says the neighbour, or warden, who really knows where to find trapped people is a godsend.

"But the principal thing we've learned," he went on, "is that firemen should not attempt to put out fires in a bomb-wrecked building when people are known to be trapped underneath!

"They can keep the fire damp, but they should not try to put it out until everyone has been rescued!

"Bombs convert mortar and plaster—and even bricks—into a fine powdery dust.

"If you pour millions of gallons of water on the fire, all that dust is washed down to the lowest level, where the trapped people are!

"The victims may be suffocated before we can get to them."

* * *

Bitter experience has helped the Hammersmith Borough Surveyor to solve the problem of getting information.

"Everybody should leave a small notice-board in a prominent position outside his house," he said. "And he should put a notice on it every day, describing the persons who will be in the house.

"Then he should lay a rope, or strong cord, from the board to the garden shelter.

"If the house should be demolished in a raid the rescue squad will only have to dig along the rope!"

You too can have husky NEW STRENGTH & NEW FOUND ENERGY

Make this Test

Thousands of Weak, Rundown, Depressed Men and Women say "VIKELP" brought these Results where all else failed!

. . . it will do the same for YOU!

To-day you, too, can learn the secret. The secret of replacing lost Minerals, Vitamins and Food Iodine into your system. The secret of re-fuelling your body with those life-giving elements—**Iron, Phosphorus, Calcium, Sulphur**—5 other Minerals, **Food Iodine**, and **Vitamin B.**

An amazing, newly discovered sea plant was found to contain these precious substances in natural form. Now it is concentrated and comes to you as Vikelp—the food tonic. Start to re-fuel your body with Vikelp Brand Tablets to-day. Replace those lost Minerals and Vitamins as you begin to feel low, jaded, depressed and listless. Note the unmistakable results. You build up — become vigorous, vital, alert. Nerves steady. New energy, new strength surges through your whole being. You tackle life anew. (Price 3/6)

FREE. Send this coupon to-day for free booklet crammed full with vital information "How to Gain New Health, Energy and Strength." Write to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. J.B.11, 123/124, Baker St., London, W.1. (You need only 1d. stamp.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Black-Out CATARRH!

Keep fit in spite of stuffy black-out' atmospheres. Smear 'NOSTROLINE' Nasal Remedy inside your nostrils. It counteracts the evils of breathing stale air. Clears congested nasal passages. Destroys poisonous catarrh germs. Makes you breathe freely. Your nose is catarrh-proof. 'NOSTROLINE' banishes Colds, Catarrh, 'Flu. Relieves Head Noises, Catarrhal-Deafness. Insist on 'NOSTROLINE' Nasal Remedy. All Chemists, 1/3 and 3/-. Tax extra.

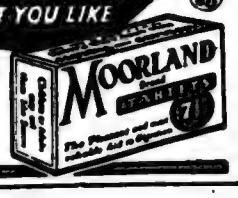
'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from 'NOSTROLINE,' J.25, Bristol, 8.

Instant relief from
INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE
ACIDITY, HEARTBURN
PALPITATION, GASTRIC CATARRH

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE



ALL CHEMISTS 7½d & 1/3

How can You Become Healthily Slim

ON the threshold of Winter, just ask yourself: "Will I gain in health if I lose excess weight?" Undoubtedly! Slimming — *safe* slimming, the Bile Beans way — makes for personal attraction and better health.

Start now—take Bile Beans at bedtime and 'slim while you sleep.' Bile Beans are purely vegetable. Taken regularly they not only dissolve unwanted fat, but by daily eliminating fat-forming residue, improve your health, looks and vitality.

So, gain healthy slimness and be really fit with the aid of Bile Beans.

Soon after starting to take Bile Beans I found that they were not only improving my health, but surely removing my unwanted fat. Since taking Bile Beans regularly I am back to my normal weight and feel fitter in every way Mrs. M.H., Harrow.

Remember Your Nightly

BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

SKIN HEALING MAGIC

Germolene has brought these grateful people Skin Healing Magic! Wiped away their suffering, banished their pain and healed the trouble without trace! Whatever *your* skin trouble may be, put **YOUR** trust in **Germolene!** Like these happy people below—**Germolene** will **NOT** disappoint, but indeed **DELIGHT** you!

ECZEMA

"I have had Eczema on my hands and arms for the past 7 or 8 years. I had several remedies but none gave relief. I tried Germolene and can honestly say that I felt relief after the first application."
—Mrs. M. T., Southampton.

BAD LEG

"For a long period I have had a bad leg. I decided to try Germolene and am glad to say that what local treatment failed to do your wonderful ointment accomplished."—Mrs. M. B., Stockport.

DISFIGUREMENT

"I suffered with Cellulitis of the face and tried various treatments without benefit. I lost nights of sleep and was advised to see a specialist. After trying Germolene my cure was rapid."
—J. D., Bishop's Stortford.

Doubly Wonderful **Germolene!** Throbbing pain dies away smarting is soothed, "itching" and "burning" banished! Unhealthy matter is cleared away—the spread of disease arrested. Smooth supple skin heals over cleansed, healthy flesh. Get **Germolene** TO-DAY! Prove NOW how it will also banish Cuts, Burns, Boils.

Sold Everywhere 6d, 1/3, 1/-, & 12/- Per Tin.

Quickest, simplest way to CLEAN THE LAVATORY

TODAY, when homes are crowded, and unexpected work has to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is of special value to housewives. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It sweeps right round that hidden bend where no brush can ever reach, cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

Autumn Coughs and Colds

must be stopped NOW..!

Normally healthy people are finding themselves more than usually prone to catch cold. The reasons are obvious. Most of us did not have the benefit of a seaside holiday to build us up during the Summer... stuffy black-out rooms are first-class breeding grounds for germs .... disturbed nights make vitality low.

Take no risks with these early coughs and colds. At the first signs take a dose of Famel. This will stop the cold from developing. Remember that neglected colds can lead to serious bronchial trouble as the winter wears on, so stop that cold NOW.

Last winter hundreds and hundreds of thousands of people proved the immediate efficacy of Famel (brand) Syrup. It contains a wonderful 'active ingredient'—soluble lacto-creosote—one of the most powerful germicides known to science.

This ingredient enters the blood-stream, is carried to the lungs, and fights the germs where they can do most damage. Famel's other valuable ingredients soothe the inflamed passages and restore your powers of resistance.

FAMEL acts quickly. After the first dose you will get welcome relief from the misery of a cough or cold. It has been used and recommended for many years by Doctors and Hospitals everywhere. Get a bottle NOW and have it ready.

FAMEL SYRUP
(BRAND)

From your Chemist—1/6 and 3/-
(Triple Quantity)

Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Rd., Perivale, Midds.

FAMEL CONQUERS COUGHS

Voice of the People

● *This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

Address: "Voice of the People, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THAT strange article of head-dress known as a night-cap went out of fashion when gas and electricity came along to give us warmth at a touch of a tap or switch.

Now that we are driven to cold shelters, however, the night-cap has come into its own again. I know a woman who augmented her housekeeping money by making and selling more than two hundred of them.

In my own public shelter, the other night, I saw two people wearing—tea-cosies.—M. Driffield, Uxbridge Road, W.

Something after the style of a night-cap is embodied in most syren-suits.

IF we Canadian soldiers didn't moan sometimes when the orderly officer comes round with his "Any complaints?" the higher-ups would think we had gone sissie—or nuts.

After all, what a terrible thing it is to see a man who keeps his complaints to himself, smouldering at the thought of them, but never speaking up to get them righted.

That's what I like about JOHN BULL, which I have read for years back home in Canada. It's good to be here, if only to hear its refreshing voice a week or so earlier. — Gunner Lemesurier, Canadian Army, c/o Base Post Office, England.

And good to have you all here.

LET me disagree with the reader who quotes his vicar on what our attitude should be to German airmen—and with the vicar, the Rev. A. B. Frewin.

The Good Samaritan would probably have given help as readily to the robbers as to the robbed, if the occasion had arrived.

We are bidden to pray for our enemies, not to hate them.

Naturally we detest the foul actions of these airmen, but, realising that these deeds are done only from the want of knowing better, we should feel sorry for them—not hate them personally.—F. J. Jowers, Stanwick Road, West Kensington, W.14.

CAN you tell me anything that is easier to build than an air raid shelter—any kind?

Any man worth his salt in his own home can build one, whether in brick, concrete, or of the excavated kind.

Yet His Majesty's Government has appointed a famous sailor, a notable financial expert, a leading physician and a well-known lawyer to see the work is carried out.

Ensure supplies of cement, sand, bricks and so on, and millions of men will be quite content to build their own—better than some of the scamped jobs I have seen. Where necessary, they might be helped with the cost of materials.

The State won't have half as many to make if it follows this plan—for most men love to do such a building job themselves.—H. Wright, East India Dock Road, E.14.

MAY I remind readers of the dangers that attend careless efforts to heat and light air raid shelters?

One death has occurred in this district because a child overturned an oil-lamp—another because a man took a coke brazier into a shelter, unaware of the danger from poisonous fumes.

We of this generation have familiarised ourselves with gas and electricity until the older and, one should imagine, safer forms of heating and lighting have become dangerous to us.—B. C., Abbots Place, Abbey Hulton, Stoke-on-Trent.

We are not so very familiar with the newer systems. According to an electrical engineer we know, who has seen some of the efforts to run an electric cable from house to shelter, and says that many of the domestic handymen responsible are courting sudden death.

OH, these fatheads who keep on talking about Germany's 8,000,000 army, just as if numbers were the only things that mattered!

If this were so, China would have defeated Japan in a week.

She doesn't because Japan has the air superiority, can see from the air when and where China intends to concentrate her millions—can then, deal with them with her bombers.

Don't talk about Germany's 8,000,000. Talk of the air superiority our working men and women are shortly going to give us. That will be the decisive factor. —H. Baxter, Lower Teignmouth Road, Torquay.

And bear in mind that the Germans are also outnumbered from the moment we make them weaken their hold on the countries they oppress.

IN some districts, where large-scale Government work is in progress, the weekly pay-out is followed by a rush of hundreds of men to get registered envelopes in which to send their wages home.

The Post Office makes no special provision for them. They must await the convenience of a counter-clerk doing a hundred and one jobs—may have to go back the next morning to be served.

The missus can wait.—R. L., Exmouth, Devon.

Another grievance that reaches us: some districts have doubled and trebled since the war started, but, again, the Post Office makes no special provision.

PLEASE do not associate the philosophy of Fatalism with fools.

The persons who argue that you won't be hit by a bomb unless it has your name on it, and the people who walk into danger heedlessly on the grounds that it makes no difference, are not Fatalists at all.

They are distorting a teaching in which real Fatalists find great comfort —"What is to be, will be."—F. S. Carter, Barnfield Gardens, Plumstead, S.E.18.

YOU hear a lot about your duty to people bombed out of their homes, but there is another side to the picture.

A friend of mine, who received three children without homes in such circumstances, asked them to clean their rooms.

"Garn," they said. "The Government pays you to do that, don't it?"—Miss D. P., Victoria Road, Devizes.

You don't suppose Germans bomb only the angel faces, but you can still try to be pleasant to all the victims of his savagery.

HERE is an anomaly needing attention.

A mother who obeyed the instructions of the authorities and evacuated her children to safer areas earlier in the war cannot now be evacuated herself.

She is officially regarded as a woman without a child.

She has to bring her child back into danger, then register the youngest and herself before they can go to a place of safety.—J. Jay, Gladesmore Road, London, N.15.

This tomfoolery is the fault of local Government idiots who can be overruled by writing promptly to Ministry of Health, Whitehall, London.

MOST housewives are asked to keep a bucket of water in the front garden to enable wardens to deal with incendiary bombs should the water supply fail.

In certain bomb-afflicted areas where the water supply has had to be cut off temporarily women have found it impossible to carry out this duty.

Yet all the water necessary drips to waste off the street surface shelters. Nobody, apparently, has thought of putting a water butt next to every shelter—B. Wilson, New North Road, London, N.1.

WEETABIX SAMPLES FOR READERS

● *By an oversight, the address of the WEETABIX Co. was left out of the advertisement in* JOHN BULL, *October 19.*

Will readers who wished to obtain the generous sample of Weetabix, offered FREE, send name and address on a stamped postcard to Weetabix, Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 21). Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, near Kettering, Northants.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Equal to Every Demand

AMONG the most astonishing things about the trained mind and the controlled spirit is that they are always equal to any demands made on them.

No strain is too great.

No stress is too severe.

You can appear to drain them of every ounce of energy; yet the next call will find a ready response.

There are reservations.

It isn't as easy as all that. It implies all sorts of things—real knowledge of yourself and your powers; conscious control of your powers.

Above all, an unwavering belief in yourself and your powers.

These things generate power

None of these things is inaccessible. Each of them is in reach of everyone.

To be equal to every demand made upon us is something we can all learn.

It is another instance of practice making perfect.

To be proficient at anything you must practise; and no one can do your practising for you. You must do it yourself.

The more you give, the more you have. Your reserves of strength grow by being used. They won't grow any other way.

Try it and prove it for yourself.

If you feel depressed, find someone who is feeling even more depressed, and start to encourage and cheer him.

If you're worried, help to remove the worries of someone else.

If you're scared, try to calm the fears of someone else.

You'll find it more blessed to give than receive.

You'll find strength and courage flow through you as fast as you pour them on to others.

You'll find all your powers of resistance growing to the extent of the demands made on them.

There's another reason why helping others is worth while.

It puts your own troubles and worries into true perspective. We're all apt to think our own trouble is unique.

It's salutary to find it's pretty much the common lot!

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NORTHERN DESPATCH:—"Figures issued by the Transport Department reveal a 22½ per cent. increase in passengers MARRIED during April-December, 1934, compared with a similar period in 1933."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO: — "Admiralty Prize Court to-day made orders for the condemnation as AWFUL prize of portions of cargo in many ships on the grounds of enemy destination, or ownership."

THE TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"A Congregational church—the second to be damaged in London last night—had its roof holed and every window smashed by GLASS."

SOUTH WALES EVENING POST:—"Now and again the dull roar and thud of EXPLORING bombs intermingled with the crashing of the guns."

EVENING ARGUS:—"Bing displays his LOCAL powers as do some old-time stars who lend a hand in the launching of a new cafe."

HIGH PEAK REPORTER:—"A student at ——— Girl's High School PASTED the school certificate examination of the Northern Universities Joint Matriculation Board."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Until the stress of things like AIR-RADIO is actually upon one, there is no means of knowing how any given creature will react."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"The *City of Benares* WAS LUNCHED on the Clyde in 1936."

YORKSHIRE OBSERVER:—"Authorisation for Germans and Italians to FEAR Fascist and Nazi badges whenever they wish."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"... a woman, full of fun and life, never dull, with the spice of native wit and RUMOUR in her conversation."

CONSETT GUARDIAN:—"The bride is a Sunday School teacher and the bridegroom is SEWING in the R.A.F."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"The Australian Sunderland had just been REALISED from convoy escort when it found the lifeboat."

THE LAST LAUGH

E. B. (Crewe).—"I had soup, lobster, pheasant, trifle, wine and nuts, and then what do you think I had to follow?" Indigestion.

F. A. (Chester).—"A fellow I know rendered a song from a 300-foot church spire in the Midlands." The coward!

F. N. (Chilham).—"Weakening the working man's beer is a serious question." We agree. A matter of gravity.

L. M. (Bangor).—"A German newspaper suggests that Mr. Winston Churchill should be imprisoned in the Tower of London." Another idea would be to imprison Signor Mussolini in the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and then hope for the best.

POLITICIAN (Wincanton).—"I explained to my son that a political traitor is a man who deserts our policy and goes over to the other side." And a man who deserts the other side and comes over to you is a convert?

MRS. N. (Beverley).—"I asked the store to send me on a pair of coffee-coloured gloves, and I received a black pair." Perhaps they thought you took your coffee without milk.

H. M. (London, N.).—"Although he lives the furthest away from the air raid shelter, he reached it long before the rest of us." The siren must have given him a start.

NEW ZEALANDER (London).—"When the Maoris fought with each other one tribe would send food and equipment to the other so that hostilities could continue." There is no suggestion, however, that the R.A.F. should drop stirrup-pumps on Berlin.

T. C. (Midlands).—"I asked the voter if I could depend on his vote but he said he was giving it to the other man. Why, he hadn't even seen my opponent." But he'd seen you

AUTHOR (Portchester). — "I've just written a book of 100,000 words." How clever of you to know so many.

W. M. (Attleborough).—"Is your typist a blonde or a brunette?" We don't know—she's just gone off to a beauty parlour.

ARTIST (Huntingdon).—"I put six years' work into a picture I have just sold." How many years of that were devoted to selling it?

L. V. (Clapham).—"A London cinema organist wears a steel helmet while playing." Personally, we shouldn't dream of throwing things.

E. N. (Guildford).—"Two streets in a Bulgarian town have been named after Hitler and Mussolini." We understand they cross each other.

W. P. (Liverpool).—"A burglar who entered a house in a Midlands village was chased for seven miles across rough country by the occupier and finally captured." Had he stolen a lemon?

R. M. (Framlington).—"Hitler may make peaceful gestures to neutrals shortly, but they will take nobody in." Imagine an octopus with friendly feelers!

L. S. (Tunstall).—"Nature is grand and is always right." Perhaps. But we don't think it a very brilliant scheme to put most of the vitamins in things we don't like.

P. W. (Mansfield).—"My farmer friend's youthful son has now gone to London to work—and he likes it much better there." Looks after the calves now?

F. K. (Newhaven).—"An American newspaper prints a story that a crew of only three will man a new German miniature submarine." Apparently the Nazis think that the British Navy may throw the small ones back.

E. L. (Weybridge).—"I slipped in the middle of the dance-floor and tore my partner's frock. I was so grateful to the one man in the room who did not laugh uproariously at the incident." Perhaps he bought the frock.

H. L. (Dawlish).—"Most comic actors fancy they could play Hamlet." And some do, unfortunately.

B. R. (Worcester).—"The salesman told me the vacuum flask would keep things hot for me indefinitely but I decided not to buy it." You have a wife, anyway?

B. V. (Manningtree).—"Have you heard the latest small car joke? Heard it? We own it!

N. T. (Dorchester).—"I am setting you a problem which I am sure you cannot solve." Quite right, we could not read any more of your letter.

S. F. (Ammanford).—"My wife often tells me I am a bookworm." Why does she have to bring books into it?

S. M. (Etchingham).—"I get fed up in the office as there is never anything fresh in it." You must have a unique sort of office-boy.

(Side-slips : See page 21)

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I'll let you get away with it this time, but remember! I got a front door, h'and a knocker."

HEART, NERVE and BROKEN NIGHTS
Helpful Tablets FREE

If you have any indications of Nerve Pains, such as Palpitation, Tobacco Heart, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness, Fainting, Fullness in the Throat, Anaemia Pains around the Heart or under the left shoulder, allow us to send you a Free Supply of "Oxien" Brand TABLETS and Testimonials from people who have been cured.—THE GIANT OXIE CO., LTD. (Dept. 222 W.S.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4, or obtainable at all leading chemists.

OXIEN TABLETS

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER
Cash your Coupons

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON
VALUE 3D

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.
DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium or broad nib.
Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Beware of the **COUGH YOU CAN'T SHAKE OFF!**

BREAKFAST

WORKS

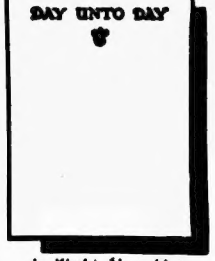
NIGHT

The cough that "won't go" is perilous. Neglect it, and with alarming suddenness you may find yourself faced with serious chest and lung complications. There is only one treatment to give your cough and that is a few doses of that wonderful family remedy **VENOS** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE.** Ease and relief follows the first dose. Coughing stops. Sore places are soothed. Blocked breathing passages freed from dangerous phlegm. Sleep-destroying night paroxysms ended!

VENOS LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE relieves like lightning—It also ARRESTS THE DEVELOPMENT OF DANGEROUS GERMS.
Sold Everywhere. 1/3 & 3/- per Bottle.

DAY UNTO DAY



In Khaki, Navy blue and Air Force blue.

FREE!
TO ALL SERVING IN H.M. FORCES
or
Men or Women serving their country in any capacity.

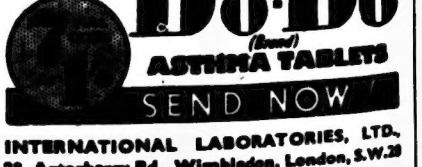
Please send name and address to—
The Secretary, Swedenborg Society, 21, Bloomsbury Way, London, W.C.1,
and a copy of this helpful and comforting little book will be sent you or your friend absolutely free of cost!

PUT ON POUNDS

Thanks to IRVONA Brand NERVE and BODY BUILDER you can possess New Strength! New Nerves! New Power! New Energy! *Read this case:*—"After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Irvona, and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a thin underweight weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality."—"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct post free on receipt of price from
IRVONA (Dept. 20B), 1, GREBE ST., LONDON, W.1.
(These prices do not apply to Eire). No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.

WE ARE LOOKING FOR 500 ASTHMATIC READERS

As extraordinary as it may seem, we require the names and addresses of 500 Asthmatics. So certain are we of the unequalled effect of Do-Do Asthma Tablets, we have decided to offer 500 Test Supplies to the readers of "John Bull" alone.
500 Asthmatics, therefore, will have the opportunity of verifying free of charge and at our expense the marvellous results obtained from Do-Do Tablets, which have the power to cut short a severe Asthma attack in the incredibly short time of 30 seconds!
The amazing power of Do-Do to end a choking spasm in less time than it takes to read these words is due to the marvellous speed with which the tablet breaks up and releases the precious medicaments of which Do-Do is composed—medicaments which are found in no other single Asthma remedy at any price. Every particle has soothing and healing value.
This FREE Test Offer is proof positive of how certain we are that Asthmatics who have once used Do-Do will themselves become its most enthusiastic advocates, and will strongly recommend Do-Do to their friends and acquaintances.
No Asthmatic reading this appeal should delay in sending this Coupon for the Free Test Supply.



INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES, LTD., 28, Arterberry Rd., Wimbledon, London, S.W.20

I have NOT tried Do-Do. Please send me a Free Test Supply. (Don't seal envelope; use ½d. stamp)

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....J.B.347

GREAT NEWS for Competitors – FIRST PRIZE *DOUBLED* – XMAS DINNERS *TREBLED!*

Cash and Xmas Fare

Value Over £250

THIS WEEK ONLY

Win Your Xmas Turkey for 2, 3 or 4 words

1ST PRIZE £100

£20 £10

100/- 95/- 90/- 85/- 80/-

75/- 70/- 65/- 60/- 55/- 50/-

25 PLUMP XMAS TURKEYS

50 FINE XMAS FOWLS

1000 3-in-1 MERIT AWARDS

SEE how the *Bullets* Prizes have rocketed for this big One-Week Offer. A *doubled* First Prize and a *trebled* offer of splendid Christmas Dinners make this the ideal moment to begin your winter *Bullets* campaign in earnest.

To make a *Bullet* which may win you any of this week's 1,089 prizes, you have only to add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples*.

Study the prize *Bullets* on this page and then get busy. Remember—one of *your Bullets*, posted on or before Saturday, November 9, may well bring you that thrilling First Prize Joy Wire!

PRIVILEGE FOR H.M. FORCES

Readers in H.M. Forces are now privileged to submit entries for Bullets at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated.

RULES

1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being: cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE :— Send crossed P.O. (completed as directed in Rules) or stamps stuck to Form provided, at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

USE any of these 'EXAMPLES'

BATTLE OF BRITAIN
JUST LIKE US
IN THE FRONT LINE
CIVILISATION'S CHAMPION
TO THE RESCUE
SHOWS HE'S TOUGH
MAKES ME SHUDDER
RUSSIAN BEAR
OUR PUB GOT A PASTING, BUT
TRICKERY
WHATEVER DAD DOES
OVERWORKED
ALL TOGETHER
WHEN MORNING COMES
PUT THE LID ON IT
SAVE FOR VICTORY AND
MAN IN A TIN HAT
FOR HITLER
HOME
REVENGE IS SWEET, SO

Six "Examples" on right are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Ready To.....
Battered .....
When We're.....
Letter From .....
To Please.....
Afraid Of The.....

Fit for BUCKINGHAM PALACE .....

Read these tributes from *John Bull* Turkey winners at Christmas, 1939—they will spur you on to win for yourself and your family this year a Christmas Feast fit for Buckingham Palace.

"Words fail me in describing the wonderful quality of my *John Bull* Turkey. As we 'fell upon' it on Xmas Day, the meat literally 'fell off' it. Thank you, *John Bull*, for a wonderful prize with my very first entry!"—*Mrs. D. Richards, 97, Old Road, Sheaton.*

"My *Bullets* Turkey was unanimously voted the best ever, and the tenderest we had ever had."—*W. H. Wilson, 46, Haddon Avenue, Orrell Park, Liverpool.*

NOW WIN YOUR XMAS FEAST

1,055 WINNERS THIS WEEK!

£50 First Prize—"Bullets" 1,242.

F. HOOD, 14, Grant Crescent, Seaham, Co.Durham. (P.C.)

Example: BOMBS MAY FALL, BUT
Bullet: REMEMBER—
PESSIMISM "WRECKS *Everything*"!

Second Prize, £20: H. W. Rose, 252, Hereson Road, Ramsgate.
Examp!): The R.A.F.'s Making
Bullet: Hun Run—Wop Hop!

Third Prize, £10: J. W. Cummings, 263, Maryhill Road, Glasgow.
Example: Business
Bullet: Hustn't Await Hitler's "Pleasure"

100s.: Mrs. S. A. Hodgson, 36, Cambridge Road, Thornaby-on-Tees. The R. A. F.'s Targets—"Laced," Despite Goebbel's "Embroidery."

80s.: J. Jeffery, 2, Claremont Road, West Ealing, London, W. Sleep—"Fortification" Cotton-wool Can Safeguard!

60s.: W. Hodgson, 31, Lewes Road, Conisboro, Doncaster. The R.A.F.'s Way—Real "Prizes," Not Reprisals.

40s.: J. W. Booth, 55, Grosvenor Crescent, Louth. In Our Shelter—Grump! Silence—Snore, Groans!

30s.: A. J. Cochrane, c/o Bingham, 1097, Shettleston Road, Glasgow. Over Our Heads—Sermons—And *Cinema's* Roof!

30s.: W. H. Dennett, 1, Ennerdale Drive, Litherland, Liverpool. All Dad Wants—"Dad Wasn't Found Wanting!"

30s.: Mrs. Kinder, 31, Sunnybank Crescent, Greetland, nr. Halifax. Bombs May Fall, But—*Sonny* Broke That Window!

30s.: T. P. Koe, 233, Canklow Road, Rotherham, Yorks. The R.A.F.'s Answer—"Watch Us? Watch Us!"

30s.: H. N. M. Simonton, Re Heen, Stockman's Lane, Belfast. All Dad Wants—In Shelter, Usually Upstairs!

30s.: E. Smith, 30, St. John's Road, Birkdale, Southport. Britain's Larder—You Can Serve—Conserve!

30s.: F. W. Street, Two Oaks, Bosley Way, Christchurch. Lion v. Eagle—Once—Whole Menagerie, Now!

30s.: W. Swainston, 12, Montrose Street, Saltburn-by-Sea. The R.A.F.'s Might—Scattered "Waves"—Turned "Tide."

List of 40 winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices and 1,000 3-in-1 Merit Awards have also been posted. The letters "P.C." after a winner's name denote that successful effort was submitted on a Prize Coupon.

20 BONUSES EACH VALUE £1

The 20 entrants whose sets of FOUR "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit will each receive Bonus Award value £1.

SIX PRIZE OPPORTUNITIES on this Coupon for entry-fee of 1/- ONLY!

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.

Last 2 "Bullets" FREE if sending 4 paid efforts

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....

1,246 Closing Postmark SAT., NOV. 9.

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of POST-FREE BULLETIN

To Secure Your Bulletin. ADDRESS adjoining label fully to yourself, affix 1d. stamp to space provided and thus obtain your POST-FREE Bulletin with special help for Crosswords. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your invaluable guide to success.

CLEAR BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....
Address.....
.....
59

STAMPS may be used as **ENTRY-FEE**—stick them to this form and enclose with your *Bullets* Entry.

AFFIX STAMP BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH "BULLET" ENTERED.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,246, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

£50 REWARD EXCLUSIVELY FOR CROSSWORDERS who take up "Bullets"

INCREASING pressure on space and war-time conditions have compelled *John Bull*, commencing this week, to concentrate all prize-money on *Bullets*.

Accordingly, all readers whose interest in our competitions has hitherto been confined to Crosswords are now invited to use their skill with words to compete for the greatly increased prize-money offered in *Bullets*—a contest which is easier to enter for than Crosswords, more in tune with the times, and in which the far lengthier prize-lists give each entrant a better opportunity of success. All Entry Vouchers issued in connection with Crosswords are now, of course, eligible for *Bullets*.

Moreover, entrants for Crosswords during the past three weeks have the exclusive privilege of competing for an additional cash prize of £50 in connection with this week's Bullets contest and the two succeeding offers.

This £50 cash will be equally divided between entrants for *John Bull* Crossword No. 224, 225 or 226 who win ANY prise in *Bullets* No. 1,246, 1,247 or 1,248; not more than one share of the £50 will be allowed to any one entrant and *Bullets* coupons entered by such Crossworders in connection with this £50 offer MUST bear the letter X in brackets after sender's signature.

See for yourself from the prize *Bullets* on this page how easily a few words can be fitted together into a winning effort. And remember—special features to help Crossworders win big prizes will now be included in *Bullets Bulletin*, so make sure you qualify for your copy when you compete for this week's big *Bullets* offer of Cash plus Christmas Dinners and the Crossworders' £50 Reward!

RESULT and WINNING SQUARE—CROSSWORD No. 224.

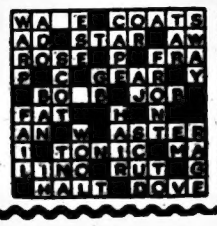
The following competitor receives 20/- Monthly for Life, or lump sum of £180, for set of most meritorious Answers seen in square on right.

MISS H. CUMMING, 282, Crow Road, Glasgow. W.1.

The £25 Runners-up Award has been divided between 31 entrants from whom we received entries with one less apt and accurate Answer than the best entry received. These winners will each receive 10s. 2d. together with one of "John Bull's" famous Christmas Fowls.

Surprise Awards will be sent to 279 entrants whose entries differed from the Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those in square on right. Blank spaces indicate that at those points WHOLE or WAVE and HOLE or HOSE were regarded as Answers of equal merit.



COLDS STRIKE SWIFTLY— BUT 'ASPRO' IS SWIFTER

Colds are about—they strike swiftly. Don't let them harm you. THEY CAN'T if you take 'ASPRO' tablets. 'ASPRO' is swift in action—it dispels the dizziness and weakness due to the feverish conditions and reduces the temperature. The aches and pains—the "fed-up" feeling—the sniffling and sneezing are banished too. So keep 'ASPRO' handy—ready for emergency—ready for action. Remember it is a definite fact that

2 'ASPRO' TABLETS AND A HOT LEMON DRINK WILL SMASH A COLD IN ONE NIGHT

Read these letters for proof:

WORE 3 OVERCOATS — READ THIS —

Whitehouse Cottage, Smeaton Street, North Ormsby,
Middlesbrough, Yorks.

Dear Sirs,

I thought you would like to know how your wonderful 'ASPROS' work up the North. If I am feeling blue or have a headache, I just take 'ASPROS'. I recommend your 'ASPROS' to dozens of my friends. The other week an old gentleman aged 79, a customer of mine, had the 'flu. He was that ill he had three top coats on. I told him to take some 'ASPRO'. His son said it would take weeks for him to get better on account of his age, but the next day he was in Middlesbrough with one top coat on, feeling like a 25-year-old.

Yours truly, WILF. HEWITSON

MOTHER AND CHILD BANISH 'FLU

Mrs. W. writes from Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts. "I am coming straight to the point. Your 'ASPROS' are a miracle of the age indeed. I should know. I've just had the 'flu. I don't know how I could have stood the pain in my head without them. Also I gave one to my little girl aged 9. She lay on the couch after coming home from school. I could see she had a temperature so I gave her an 'ASPRO'. The result was miraculous. After about 10 minutes she got up off the couch, had her delayed lunch and was herself again. It was truly amazing. I was thinking I was going to have her home from school for a fortnight. She had another tablet every 4 hours for a day and she never had one day off. 'ASPRO' just warded off the 'flu as if by a magic wand. I am forever grateful for 'ASPROS' and shall always use them and recommend them although I don't think they need the latter.

"P.S.—Of course, for 'flu we always use them with hot lemon drink as advertised."

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent.

WORTH KNOWING

School Road, Radwinter,
nr. Saffron Walden, Essex.

Sir,

My daughter has crossed to and from Australia five times within the last six years and has always been seasick until this last journey in January this year. She writes me she was not sick thanks to 'ASPRO'.

I would not be without them myself and always willing to lend some to friends who get without. We are five miles from town.

Yours very truly,
M. PORTER (Mrs.).

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK 'ASPRO'

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA, HEADACHES, SLEEPLESSNESS, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS, TOOTHACHE, COLDS, LUMBAGO, IRRITABILITY, NEURITIS, HAY FEVER, NERVE SHOCK, PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN, MALARIA, ASTHMA

ASPRO consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority

Made in England by ASPRO LTD. Slough, Bucks

No proprietor's right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula

ASPRO REGTRADE MARK

'ASPRO' soothes the nerves and brings sweet sleep

PRICES INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX 3½d. 7d. 1/5 & 2/10

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Take It!

Elasto
Tablets
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO LTD CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT LONDON E.C.

The Wonder Tablet

—And Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of '*Elasto*'. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg ulcers (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*: it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by '*Elasto*', *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that '*Elasto*' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"*No signs of varicose veins now.*"
"*Completely healed my varicose ulcers.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*After being indoors for 13 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Heart is quite sound again now.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day.*"
"'*Elasto*' *has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but* '*Elasto*' *cured me.*"

Here's Good News! You Can Test 'Elasto' Free!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet, fully explaining 'Elasto', the new Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of testimonials, *showing what 'Elasto' has done for others*, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES. *THIS OFFER IS TOO GOOD TO BE MISSED.* '*Elasto*' *is Sold by Chemists Everywhere.*

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF 'ELASTO'★

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how 'Elasto' *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood. [J.B. No. 21140.]

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Issued by the New Era Treatment Co. Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

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